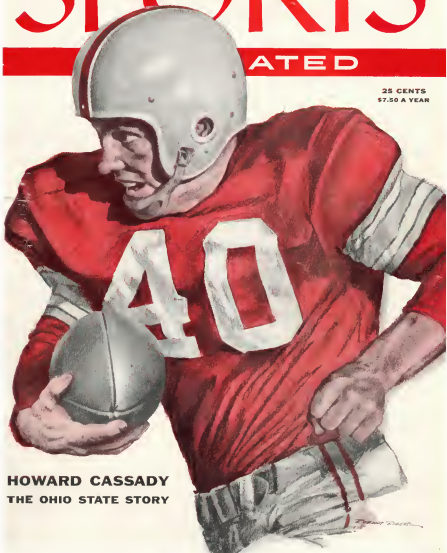


OCTOBER 24, 1955

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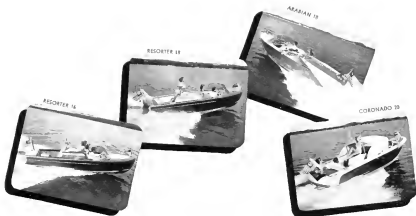
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## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

WITH our first anniversary just past, I've been receiving an unusual number of friendly letters from readers who thought this was a good time to express their feelings about **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. Here are a few people who have been nice enough to let me pass them on to you:

Poet Carl Sandburg wrote from Flat Rock, N.C.: "**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** over the year has been unbelievably good. It has been surpassingly original in 40 ways, in writing, in illustrations, in a certain peculiar dignity and in a quality of recorded history. And I could go farther."

Mr. Samuel Goldwyn sent a letter from Hollywood: "I want you to know that I think you've done a brilliant job of publishing with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. I find the writing on a consistently high level, and the photography, particularly the color, is really exceptional."

From Mr. G. A. Gidley of Gimbel Bros. in Philadelphia: "Suffice it to say that every week my interest in your new magazine has increased until now it has become a must among the important periodicals that I have time to read."

Words like these are always good to hear. But I thought you might be interested too in part of another letter, one which **TIME Inc.**'s President Roy E. Larsen recently wrote to a number of our friends in business and advertising; for it tells what our readers have been saying to us in terms of actual subscription renewals. Wrote Larsen:

"The final, overwhelming piece of evidence that we have created a great new magazine comes from our charter subscribers—those people who bought the new magazine on faith.

"This past month their one-year charter subscriptions were up for renewal. Understandably, there has been a good deal of interest in how many of these charter subscribers would renew. I am able to report now that the renewals from this first large group of charter subscribers are rapidly and surely approaching the extremely high figure (in my experience) of 70%. And over 40% of these renewals are for two years or more!

"To us this is a truly remarkable endorsement not only of our new magazine, but of the premise on which it was founded."

PLEASE RENEW

PLEASE RENEW

PLEASE RENEW

PLEASE RENEW

- 4 **SCOREBOARD** 24 **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** 68 **COMING EVENTS**  
 11 **EVENTS & DISCOVERIES** 55 **FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR** 61 **THE 15TH HOLE**  
 64 **PAT ON THE BACK**

15 **SPECTACLE: BRONC VS. BRONCO BUSTER**

Closure of an eight-second contest between a saddle bronc man and a steed named Rough Guts, photographed IN COLOR by HY PESKIN

19 **THE REDDED'S MAGNIFICENT MISFIT**

The unruly, sometimes ugly and always unpredictable bronco is the darling of fans and riders alike. By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

23 **THE PROS ARE UPSIDE DOWN—AND SCRAMBLED**

The fall football menu rolled for teams like the Detroit Lions, the Chicago Bears and the Cleveland Browns to dominate the game as usual—but teams like Baltimore and Washington have been turning the NFL topsy-turvy. ALFRED WRIGHT takes a look at the month's happy confusion

29 **OHIO STATE: TEAM WITH 5 MILLION COACHES**

In the Midwest the second quarters are taken seriously, and all Coach Woody Hayes and Star Hopalong Cassidy have to do to satisfy them is produce a victory every Saturday. By ROBERT SHAPLEN

34 **FOOTBALL: GAMES OF THE WEEK**

Notre Dame and Texas Christian were unbeaten and treading paths of glory until they met Michigan State and Texas A&M last Saturday. The results offered the national football picture and gave fans two coaches to watch

43 **RIDERS OF THE UNDERWATER DEEP**

The skin-diving set is mechanizing itself with propellers, underwater sleds and open-cockpit submarines. An updating report from the depths

48 **STRUGGLE FOR STRIPERS**

The striped bass, a worthy antagonist for any fisherman, brings EMMETT GOWEN back to Montauk. With three pages of photographs IN COLOR

54 **HERE COMES HOCKEY**

Big-time hockey is back for a new season, and Montreal is the team to beat. A preview by WHITNEY TOWER

**THE DEPARTMENTS:**

6 **Hetbox:** JIMMY JEMAIL asks: Professional baseball took most of the interest from college baseball. Will professional football do the same to college football?

9 **Tip from the Top:** HOMER HERPEL on taking enough club

36 **Hickman's Hunches:** Undismayed by a weekend of upsets, SI's expert offers a new list

37 **Horses:** WHITNEY TOWER tells how Nashua won his last 1955 race in the Belmont steeple

39 **Weidman's Burden:** Our author recalls his early romance with golf and describes the end of the affair

46 **Sport in Art:** A wonderful, rediscovered painting of Teddy Roosevelt's cabin door

59 **Yesterday:** There was slaughter unlimited in the days before laws protected waterfowl and hunters thought nothing of bagging 15,000 birds in a single shoot

**COVER: HOWARD CASSADY**

Drawing by Robert Riger

The power and determination evident in this drawing of Ohio State's star half-back, Howard (Hopalong) Cassady, is devastating reality to the Buckeyes' opponents. Since his freshman year (he is now a senior), Cassady has been vigorously feeding the insatiable appetite for touchdowns of Ohio State's fans. His record last year—eight touchdowns, a grand total of 1,222 yards gained, including one 88-yard interception against Wisconsin—was so impressive that he was unanimously chosen All-America. This year he is practically the Ohio State team—and for details of the burden this imposes on him and his coach, see page 39.

Acknowledgments on page 55

**IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE****CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: FRANK LEAHY**

A revealing word picture by Gerald Holland of Notre Dame's ex-coach, his wife, the eight young Leahys and three pals named Reilly, Murphy and McBride

**PREVIEW: THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW**

All about the jumps and jumpers in New York, plus a glimpse of the San Francisco show and a report on the triumphant return of the Lipizzan horses to Vienna

## SCOREBOARD

## A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

### RECORD BREAKERS

● **Paul (Dicie Derrick) Anderson**, 340-pound strong man from Toccoa, Ga., flexed his huge muscles, warmed up with world record lift of 410 pounds in two-hands press, finished with fabulous 1,130-pound total for heavyweight mark at world weightlifting championships in Munich, Germany. Other records set in same competition: Russian Bantamweight Vladimir Nikolai Stogov raised 225.4 pounds in two-hands press, totaled 757 pounds in all three lifts; U.S. Bantamweight Charles Vinci snatched 225.5 pounds but finished second to Stogov; Soviet

Lightweight Nikolai Kostylev heisted 842.41 pounds. ● **Florence Chadwick**, strong-armed San Diego, Calif. swimmer who is making career of conquering English Channel, thrashed across icy stretch between England and France in 13 hours 55 minutes, clipped 11 minutes off standard set by England's Bill Pickering last August. ● **Belle Arsan**, **George B. Landers**, brown filly, was driven into early lead by able Stanley Dancer, stopped smartly to world mark of 2:42 2/5 for 2-year-old pacers on half-mile track in \$14,360 Autumn Pace at Yonkers, N.Y.

### FOOTBALL

**Gerry Planulis**, hard-driving Michigan State fullback, crashed over for winning touchdowns, set up clincher with fumble recovery, kicked three extra points to pace hard-hitting Spartans to 21-7 win over favored Notre Dame at East Lansing, Mich. (see page 24).

Michigan had rough time with inspired Northwestern but used short plunge by fourth-string fullback **Karl Johnson**, 46-yard sprint by elusive **Terry Barr** to down Wildcats 14-2 at Ann Arbor, Mich., protected ranking as nation's No. 1 team.

Purdue's accurate-passing **Len Dawson** kept Bollweavers in running with two scoring passes, tossed 14 yards to **End Steve Chernicky** for touchdown on final play of game, calmly kicked extra point to tie Iowa 20-20 at Iowa City.

Oklahoma gave up first-period score to hopeful Kansas, turned loose speedy backs to clobber Jayhawks 44-6, stretched winning streak to 13, at Norman, Okla.

Duke, stunned by pair of touchdowns by Ohio State's **Jim Roseboro** and **Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy** (see cover), recovered to tie score on passing and running of **Bob Fassel**, squeezed out 20-14 win when **Sony Jorgensen** plunged over from one-yard line in last quarter at Columbus, Ohio.

Syracuse took advantage of Army mistakes, broke scoreless deadlock on **Jim Ridlon's** 22-yard pass to **Don Albhouse** in third quarter, completed 13-0 upset of bedeviled Cadets on **Ridlon's** final-period score at West Point, N.Y.

Navy's sure-handed **George Welsh** completed 15 of 26 passes for 285 yards and two touchdowns, got helping hand from All-America end **Ron Beagle** (who caught six tosses) as Midshipmen overwhelmed Penn State 34-14 at University Park, Pa.

West Virginia's twin players relied up five touchdowns in opening half, battered William and Mary 39-13 at Morgantown, W. Va. to keep Mountaineers undefeated.

**Jon Arnett** got Southern California off on right foot with spectacular 55-yard touchdown dash, teamed with hard-hitting **C. R. Roberts**, fast-charging line as Trojans hammered Wisconsin out of unbeaten class with 35-21 victory at Los Angeles.

UCLA jumped into 21-0 lead on play of talented **Sam Brown** but Bruins were hard pressed to hold off rallying Stanford, finally took 21-13 decision at Palo Alto, Calif.

Maryland's fleet-footed **Ed Vereb** had hand in all four touchdowns, led Terrapins to 25-7 triumph over North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Texas A&M overcame 16-12 deficit on last-period 51-yard run by **Don Watson**,

surprised favored TCU 19-16 at Fort Worth, Texas (see page 25).

Auburn, unawed by fifth-ranked Georgia Tech's reputed strength, outplayed Engineers in line as Quarterback **Howell Tubbs**, Fullback **Joe Childress** and End **Jimmy Phillips** played major offensive roles in 14-12 victory at Atlanta.

Green Bay Packers nipped Los Angeles Rams 30-28 when **Fred Cone** kicked 26-yard field goal (his third of game) with 24 seconds to play. **Tobin Rote** passed for three Green Bay touchdowns, helped move Packers into three-way tie with beaten Rams and Baltimore in Western Conference of National Football League.

Chicago Bears snapped three-game losing streak, handed disillusioned Baltimore Colts first defeat 35-10 on running of husky Rookie **Dick Casares**, accurate passing of **George Blanda** and **Bob Williams**.

Cleveland Browns, on march again after slow start, throttled Washington Redskins' passing attack, won 24-14 to keep pace with Pittsburgh at top of Eastern Conference.

Pittsburgh Steelers' **Jimmy Finks**, calling plays with daring of gambler, engineered Steelers to 15-7 victory over favored Philadelphia, pushed Eagles into cellar.

San Francisco 49ers rallied for 21 points in fourth quarter, scored winning touchdown on **Joe Perry's** run in closing minutes to edge Detroit 27-24, just about eliminated winless Lions from title contention.

New York Giants made home debut, celebrated by outspinning Chicago Cardinals 10-6 in driving rainstorm on touchdown by **Frank Gifford**, 23-yard field goal by aging kicking-specialist **Ben Agajanian**.

### HORSE RACING

Nashua, Blair Stud's sleek meal ticket, sloshed through mud to overpower chal-

lenging Thinking Cap as **Eddie Arcaro** contributed usual masterful ride, compounded with two-mile, \$79,950 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park, N.Y., set one-year earnings record of \$752,550, raised lifetime winnings to \$945,415, topped only by Citation's \$1,685,760 (see page 27).

Nashua, powerful-running bay filly sired by Nazeefah, held steady until backstretch by Willie Beland, caught pass-setting Cornish, pulled away strongly to win \$250,300 Gardenia Stakes, world's richest race for 2-year-old fillies, at Garden State Park.

Haseyampa, Walnut Farm's 4-year-old who won only once in 11 races this year, surprised with strong run, held off last-closing Mister Black to take \$94,050 Hawthorne Gold Cup at Chicago, provided lucky bettors with 24-1 payoff.

### AUTO RACING

Sherwood Johnston, fast-driving Texan who now lives in Greenwich, Conn., zoomed Briggs Cunningham's D Jaguar past Phil Hill, in Ferrari Monza, to take lead on third lap, kept up swift pace to average 87.9 mph for 100 miles, won gleaming President's Cup at Hagerstown, Md. Runners-up: Hill; defending champion Bill Spero, in three-liter Maserati. Up-and-coming **Paul O'Shea** of Rye, N.Y., driving Mercedes 300SL, barreled along at 76.5 mph average speed, beat out **Charlie Wallace** and **Dick Kessler**, both in Jaguar XK140MC cars, to take 41-mile Gov. McKeldin Purse (for remaining winners, see *Other Results*).

Stirling Moss and Peter Collins, young British racers, teamed up to pilot their Mercedes to victory in 588-mile Targa Florio at Palermo, Sicily, last race for 1955 world sports car championship, pushed Mercedes ahead of Ferrari for team title.

### BOXING

Floyd Patterson, lethal-punching New York light heavyweight, exploded his rapid combinations, flattened Cal Brad in first round at Los Angeles to score his eighth straight knockout.

**Ralph (Tiger) Jones**, seventh-ranked middleweight from Yonkers, N.Y., took aggressive **Al Andrews'** best punches, countered with blistering attack that staggered Andrews in fourth and sixth rounds, had rival on verge of knockout in 16th, won unanimous decision at Miami, Fla.

**Julius Holland**, New York Boxing Commission chairman, vigorously denied he had cooled off on boxing press, came out flatly against federal investigation ("I do not feel the U.S. Government should be wasting its time"), insisted sport can be controlled "provided working commissions

### FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Version of Associated Press Writers poll. Team standings this week, with points figured on a 3-3-2-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1. Michigan (76)	1,663
2. Maryland (33)	1,487
3. Oklahoma (29)	1,434
4. Navy (7)	397
5. Duke (15)	307
6. Michigan State (4)	301
7. UCLA (1)	215
8. West Virginia (3)	183
9. Auburn (5)	126
10. Southern California (1)	253

RUNNERS-UP: 11. Notre Dame (42); 12. Texas A&M (37); 13. Georgia Tech (3); 14. Colorado (7); 15. Wisconsin (7).

... honestly administer and control it instead of trying to steal important fights. . . ." Helfand's stand is in direct opposition to National Boxing Association, which recently gave unanimous approval to resolution calling for federal investigation.

## BASEBALL

**Bob Friend**, hard-throwing young **Pittsburgh Pirates** right-hander with 14-9 record, led National League pitchers with 2.84 earned run average, became first major league to lead in ERA while performing for last-place team. American League leader was veteran left-hander **Billy Pierce**, who turned in brilliant 1.97 average while winning 15, losing 10 for **Chicago White Sox**.

Fred Hutchinson, former Detroit manager, returned to major leagues after tenure at Seattle, was choice of new General Manager Frank Lane to lead St. Louis Cardinals out of seventh-place wilderness.

## HARNESS RACING

**Kimberly Kid, Leonard J. Buck's** slick-stepping 5-year-old who earned reputation on Grand Circuit, made rare appearance on half-mile track, responded to urging of Driver **Ned Bower** in stretch to take \$29,400 Gotham Trot in track record time of 2:08 3/5 for 1 1/4 miles at Yonkers, N.Y.

## WEIGHT LIFTING

**Russian** strong boys showed off their muscles in world championships at Munich, won four individual titles, scored 29 points to 23 for second-place U.S. to capture "Prize of Nations" and team crown. Among individual champions: Middle-heavyweight Arkadii Vozobiev of Russia; Light Heavyweight Tommy Kono of Sacramento, Calif.; Middlenweight Pete George of Akron, Ohio; Featherweight Rafael Tichimichian of Russia.

## FENCING

Hungary's cocky 21-year-old **Josef Gyurk**za skillfully outmaneuvered four-time champion Christian D'Orla of France to take men's electric foil crown while blonde teammate **Linda Bonaldi** swept past six opponents to win women's foil title as world championships got under way in Rome. Italy edged France in men's épée team competition, also produced individual titles in 23-year-old **Giorgio Arnesini**.

## HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens, led by fiery 34-year-old Maurice (Rocket) Richard and his 19-year-old rookie brother Henri, whipped New York, tied Chicago 2-1, held grip on first place in National Hockey League. Boston Bruins edged and tied Toronto in two games, got hat-trick performance from Leo Labine to trouble New York 4-1, moved into second-place deadlock with Chicago. Detroit Red Wings, after losing first three games, began to click, battered Chicago 4-1, Toronto 6-0, as Gordie Howe supplied scoring punch.

### MILEPOSTS

**HONORED**—**Johnny Podres**, gritty young Brooklyn Dodgers pitcher, World Series hero, pride of Witherbee, N.Y., former player for Hazard, Ky., of Mountain State League; commissioned Kentucky colonel, by Gov. Lawrence Wetherby, at Lexington.

#### HOW 200 U.S. FOOTBALL TEAMS FARED LAST WEEK

[illegible]

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

#### EASTERN CONFERENCE

1. <b>Cleveland</b> W 2, L 1 Pts. 750	Washington 24-16	2. <b>Washington</b> W 2, L 1 Pts. 300	Cleveland 14-14	5. <b>New York</b> W 1, L 2 Pts. 250	Chi. Cards 10-0
3. <b>Pittsburgh</b> W 2, L 1 Pts. 750	Philadelphia 13-7	4. <b>CN</b> W 1, L 2 Pts. 300	New York 0-0	6. <b>Philadelphia</b> W 1, L 3 Pts. 250	Pittsburgh 7-11

## WESTERN CONFERENCE

<b>1. Los Angeles</b> W 3-1 Pts. 760	<b>Green Bay</b> 28-39	<b>1. Baltimore</b> W 3-1 Pts. 750	<b>Chi. Bears</b> 18-38	<b>5. Chicago Bears</b> W-1-2 Pts. 705	<b>Baltimore</b> 38-10
<b>2. Green Bay</b> W 3-1 Pts. 750	<b>San Angelo</b> 30-38	<b>4. San Fran.</b> W 2-2 Pts. 680	<b>Detroit</b> 27-34	<b>6. Detroit</b> W 2-2 Pts. 700	<b>San Francisco</b> 24-27

#### OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO EACN

**JOHN BRYAN** Phoenix **AAU** 100 lb big car  
 1st 90 lb Sacramento **CA**  
**BOCCA** 2nd class winners **Rogers** 1st, Md  
 (President's Cup)  
**BOB BRUNER** in **Alford** Jr. **Class B** modified  
**SAM BOYD** **Bozeman** 1st in **C** **Agar** **Class C** **meets**  
**PHIL HILL** in **Ferris** **Monica**, **Class D** modified  
**BRISS GUNNING** in 2 later **Marathon**, **Class E** **meets**  
 (Joe McKelvie Prize)  
**CHARLES WALLACE** in **Jaguar XK140**, **Class C**  
**PAUL OLNEY**, **Class D** Prod (Mercedes Category)  
**FRED MOORE**, **Class D** Prod (Aston Prince Class)  
**MIKE ROTHGOLD** in **Allegan**, **Class C**  
**LIVE UNDERWOOD**, **Class F** Prod (Porsche only)  
**MIKE** **Red Bull** Prod  
**STAVE SPITLER** in **MC of Overall** & **Class F** Prod,  
 with 72.5 mph avg speed  
**BOB WHEELS** 1st in **Auto Repair** **Guellette**, **Class**  
**E**

57/58 Page 5

**EDD GRANFORD** in Porsche 956 Overall & Class F  
**JOHN HARRIS** in Alfa Romeo 75 Overall & Class G  
**CHARLES DUTCHIN** in Lotus Elise Class G modified.  
**GOLPI VILARDI** in Barchetta Giant X modified  
**(Class of Motorsports)**  
**DAVID WELSH** in Audi A80 Overall & Class F Prod (Porsche  
 Category) with 14.2 mph and speed  
**JIM NELSON** in AMC & Class F Prod (RPG Category).  
**DONALD WALTON** in MG MC E, Class G Prod  
**(The Air Force)**  
**ANTONIO RIZINI** in Morgan, Overall, with 15.2  
 mph and speed. Class F Prod  
**FRANK ROSE** in Audi Quattro Class G Prod  
**(Civil Air Patrol Special)**  
**CHARLES WALLACE** in Jaguar XK400M, Overall,  
 with 15.2 mph and speed.  
**PAUL O'BREA** in Mercedes 300 SL, Class G Prod.

## NOTES

TONY BRADSON 12 round split decision over Ray  
Clark middleweight Syracuse, NY  
CHUCK GARY 10 round decision over Alan Kennedy  
welterweight Lansing Mich  
LUIS PEREZ 13 round decision over Bobby Courchesne  
lightweight New York  
WILLIE PEP 10 round decision over Charlie Titone,  
lightweight Jackson Miss  
BILLY PLACIDON 9 round KO over Chatterbox Song-  
chai Santiamwatt, Bangkok

## NOTES

Manitoba 29 — Ottawa 3 Montreal 46 — Toronto 29

## HOCKEY

## Full Working Lesson

1. <b>Montreal</b> W 4-1, 0, 1-1 Pts: 6	<b>New York</b> 4-1	<b>Chicago</b> 2-2
2. <b>Boston</b> W 2-1, 2-1, 1-1 Pts: 5	<b>Toronto</b> 3-0, 2-2	<b>New York</b> 4-1
3. <b>Chicago</b> W 2-1, 2-1 Pts: 5	<b>Edmonton</b> 1-6	<b>Montreal</b> 2-2
4. <b>New York</b> W 2-1, 2-1, 1-0 Pts: 4	<b>Montreal</b> 1-6	<b>Boston</b> 3-4
5. <b>Edmonton</b> W 2-1, 2-1, 3-0 Pts: 4	<b>Chicago</b> 4-1	<b>Toronto</b> 4-0
6. <b>Toronto</b> W 1-0, 4-1, 1-1 Pts: 3	<b>Edmonton</b> 2-2, 2-2	<b>Detroit</b> 0-6

## WORLD BANK

**HOT RACING**  
**MASTICK** \$67,000 Ladies Woodstock, 2½ m.  
 In heat in 7:30 2/5 Belmont Pa., N.Y. Angel Vase  
 Park  
**PARK CANYON** \$44,390 Canadian Champion  
 3½ m. by length in 2:05 4/5 (track record)  
 1986 Coward Handicap  
**SLAW FORD** \$15,790 Champagne Stakes, 1 m.  
 length, in 1:36 2/5 Belmont Pa., N.Y. Eddie Ar  
 Vase  
**SLADEEM** \$16,390 National Yearling Stakes, 1  
 1/8 m. by 2½ lengths in 1:43 4/5, Garden  
 Pl. Camden N.J. Willie Workup  
**WILLARY** \$75,000 Major Hotel Handicap, 3½ m.  
 In heat in 4:43, Say Meadows, San Mateo, Cal.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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 4/20/84

## (Continued)

**TENNIS**  
ART LARSEN, San Francisco, over Mario Lla  
6-4 8-6, 10-12, 6-4, Pan American men's sem

[Home](#)

**TRACK & FIELD**  
BARBARA MULLER, Chicago, AAU women's  
pentathlon, won 3,525 pts. 5,000-10,000, N.Y.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S  
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

**The Questions:**

**Professional baseball has taken much of the interest from college baseball. Will pro football do the same to college football?**

**RED HARRER, Scarborough, N.Y.**  
Sportscenter



"No. In our time major college football will be tops. It's such a big business that the big schools will do everything to hold their crowds. The college game has a fanatical following. The pros are perfect but cold. People like to watch them but they can take or leave them."

**LT. COL. J. T. MILL, USMC, Quantico, Va.**



**Coach, Marine football squad**

"It's a strong possibility. The trend toward de-emphasis tends to decrease the caliber of football at many colleges. If this continues, few colleges will have top teams. These will draw but the others will suffer. Alumni enthusiasm won't diminish, but that won't fill the stadiums."

**N. P. (FRENCHIE) LATOURELLE**  
Boston, Mass.  
Sales manager



"Certainly. The colleges will bring this on themselves through de-emphasis of football. Sure, the alumni will remain loyal, but the majority of fans want to watch top football. Who wants to see once-mighty Penn humbled by Virginia Tech 33-6? Even the alumni were shocked at the score."

**CHARLES EVANS NUGNES III**  
Newark, Conn.  
Architect



"No, because college football primarily is a great pageant. The college football season represents the finest in American life and tradition. It will never lose its hold or appeal. In many colleges baseball was played by semipro. As the major leagues grew and prospered, they just took over."

**BERT BELL, Philadelphia**  
Commissioner, National Football League



"Definitely no. The NFL has every safeguard to protect college football. Our rule on eligibility states that no player is eligible if he is still eligible for intercollegiate athletics unless such a player's class has graduated or he has received a diploma from a recognized college."

**RALPH S. DAMON, Garden City, N.Y.**  
President, Trans World Airlines



"I doubt it. Professional baseball did take the cream off the attendance at college games. That's because the real problem in colleges was the short spring season when baseball was barely under way. In football, with the Rose Bowl and other bowl games, colleges have as long a season as the pros."

**WARREN MOSMAN, Hamilton, Ohio**  
Executive



"Yes. The pros have a league. A champion is crowned each year. The suspense of league competition can't be matched by the colleges. There's no college champion in football. Postseason games that might provide a comparison are frowned upon by many colleges."

**JOHN V. MARA, New York City**  
President, N.Y. Football Giants



"It's true that pro football has become very popular, but not at the expense of college football. The pros play a different, more exciting brand of football. Fans thrill to the skills of our players, most of whom are ex-college stars. College football has its own appeal and there is room for both."



JORDAN OLIVAR, New Haven, Conn.  
Coach, Yale University



"Not to the same degree. In undergraduate days, college spirit is crystallized through football. In post-graduate years the alumni

maintain this spirit and flock to their games. In some big cities the pro game has caught on. However, these cities can easily support both college and pro football."

ROBERT DODD, Atlanta, Ga.  
Coach, Georgia Tech



"That's strictly guessing. At present there is no indication that pro football will take the interest from the college game in the

near future. College football will always hold great interest for the students, alumni and friends. This in itself should prevent pro football from ever overshadowing it."

SAMMY BAUGH, Abilene, Texas  
Coach, Hardin-Simmons University



"No. Professional football depends on college football. The pro game would die without the colleges, which, in a sense, take

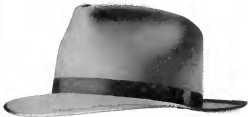
the place of the baseball farms. Professional football scouts do not sign college players until their classes graduate. In baseball they do."

#### NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

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man's best friend?



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## TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially intended for  
middle-handicap golfers

from HOMER HERPEL, pro of the Algonquin Golf Club, Webster Groves, Mo.

I always tell my pupils: "Swing within yourself." Power is not the avenue to good golf. It is much better to hit a ball smoothly and firmly than to try to power it along. This advice applies whether you are driving, playing an iron from the fairway or putting.

For these reasons I advise golfers to take one club longer than the shot appears to call for. If, for example, the golfer, studying the shot to the green, decides a 6-iron is the club required, he should use a 5-iron instead. By choosing a longer club than the shot appears to call for, he has conquered the desire to overpower the ball. Consequently, he eliminates jabbing, pushing, shoving and a thousand other errors that a golfer falls into when he tries to force a shot. No more power can be wrenched from a club than the manufacturer has built into it. That's why he made 14 of them. No medals are given, anyway, for getting maximum distance out of the club you may be using. So forget about that business of pressing for distance, make certain you take plenty of club and then concentrate on a smooth, controlled club-head swing.



By playing the shot with enough club, a golfer (left) avoids all the strains that accumulate when he tries to force a shot (right) beyond the natural range of the club

NEXT WEEK: RIP ARNOLD ON KEEPING THE HEAD STEADY

## Indoors or out

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# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Some ideals of sport • Football as Lisbon sees it • The feminine touch hits surf casting • Cocktail party sees a snake • A new contribution to the confusion of tongues

## IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE

IN THE thronged square of St. Peter's last week Pope Pius XII sat and watched a basketball game (see page 24). It was the first time since the Renaissance that any kind of sport had been presented in that beautiful and historic quadrangle. Beforehand, the Pope addressed the throng on the subject of sport for 25 minutes.

It was not an impromptu address but obviously a long-considered one. The widespread interest in sport, said Pope Pius, is one of the "phenomena of modern society." How is it to be regarded? The 79-year-old Pope answered as one who, when a young man, was skilled in riding and swimming and who, when he succeeded Pius XI (the mountain climber), installed a gymnasium in the Vatican.

Pope Pius told his listeners that he finds in the objectives of sport a parallel to the artistic ideals which made St. Peter's itself:

"Power and harmony, order and beauty, effort, victory and the renown of achieving a record, expressed in artistic form by the incomparable architecture of the dome, of the façade, of the colonnade and the obelisk; they are the ideal goals longed for by every athlete."

He urged prudence in the selection of a sport within the physical means of the would-be athlete, and he cautioned against too much emphasis on technique at the expense of spirit.

"Technique alone," he said, "not only impedes the acquirement of those

spiritual boons which sport has for its aim to achieve but, even when leading to victory, it satisfies neither him who employs it nor those who attend to enjoy the contests. . . . In general, whenever there be a question of human activity, the point of departure and of arrival must always be the psychic element; in other words, spirit must predominate over technique. Make use of technique, but let the spirit prevail."

And he summed up, in the precise language of the Vatican, what every sportsman hopes his son might learn from, say, football: "... loyalty that excludes taking refuge in subterfuges, docility and obedience to the wise commands of the director charged

with the training of the team, the spirit of self-renunciation when one has to fade into the background in order that the interests of the team may thereby be furthered, fidelity to obligations undertaken, modesty in victory, serenity in adverse fortune, patience towards spectators who are not always moderate, justice if the competitive sport is bound up with financial interests resultant from voluntary agreements, and in general chastity and temperance already recommended by the ancients themselves.

"Will such a spiritual and almost ascetical concept of sport be harmful to technical perfection?" he asked.

*continued on next page*

## CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Notre Dame's loss to Michigan State was just one dramatic development in an upset weekend which patiently has been waiting to happen since the 1955 collegiate football season began. Other heretofore unbattered teams which fell: Georgia Tech, Wisconsin, TCU, Washington and Princeton.

**Low Head and Ken Rosewall**, the talented young ace of the Australian Davis Cup team, executed the year's most ingenious tennis mousetrap: they refused professional contracts from Jack Kramer (who had already signed up U.S. Champion Tony Trabert)—and thereby virtually assured Australia's hold on the cup into 1957.

**Donald Campbell** of England, who hopes to set a new world speedboat record with his jet-propelled Blazer on Nevada's Lake Mead, suffered a twin-jet disappointment instead. Thwarted in a scheduled record run by heavy swells, Campbell hoped

out just in time as the \$100,000 Blazer shipped water while under tow and sank in 50 feet of water.

**Gordon Pirie**, who can run about as fast and as far as anyone in the world when he's in the mood, gave British Olympic hopes a new lift when he beat one of the world's alltime great distance men twice within a period of four days. The loser: Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia. The distances: 5,000 and 10,000 meters, at which Zatopek holds the Olympic records.

**Fred Hutchinson**, signed as St. Louis Cardinal manager after a pennant-winning year at Seattle, was handed the job of taking the Card youth movement (Bill Virdon, Ken Boyer, Wally Moon, Vinegar Bend Mizell) back to the top of the National League. Two not-so-youthful reasons Hutchinson hopes to get there quick: Stan Musial, Red Schoendienst.

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 11

"On the contrary! From many sides recently there has been invoked the return on the part of athletes to 'pure' sport, that is to that finality and to those methods which have nothing in common with 'commercialism' and the exaggerated cult attributed to so-called 'stars,' to which are sacrificed high ideals, justice, the health of the athletes and the good name of the nation being represented in the competitions."

### THE NAVY-NAVY GAME

IMPROBABLE as it sounds, one of the bumper football crowds of the season (45,000) was the one that showed up in Lisbon, Portugal the other day. It was also one of the more glittering crowds of the year, including as it did a good part of the grace and chivalry of Portugal, not to mention exiled King Umberto of Italy. The game will probably be known in history as the Navy-Navy Game of 1955—and doubtless the credit for inciting it belongs to a gunner's mate on the destroyer *Zellars* named George Roberts, who ardently believes in football.

In a sense the Navy-Navy Game had its beginnings during the Korean War. It was then that Gunner's Mate (first class) Roberts of Washington, Pa. began saving his pay. Roberts, a 220-pounder with the instincts of a full-back, stubbornly believed that the *Zellars* deserved a football team, and when he had \$3,000 he blew the whole wad on uniforms. After that nobody could argue with him. Last month, as a result, while steaming eastward across the Atlantic, the crew of the *Zellars* challenged the aircraft carrier *Valley Forge* to a football game in Lisbon. The crew of the carrier accepted.

For all her majestic bulk, however, the *Valley Forge* did not have a team. Worse, she had no equipment, and her crew had only three weeks to gird for the fray. Gunner's Mate Roberts announced that he owned not one but two sets of football uniforms and that he, personally, would be gratified to lend the carrier his blue-and-white ones. Two days later the *Valley Forge* had a squad of muscular seamen hopefully running signals on the flight deck, had ordered helmets and pads from Naval stores in Norfolk and Rugby shoes from a Lisbon cobbler.

Meanwhile, despite these humble beginnings, Captain L. W. Williams, commanding officer of the *Valley Forge*,

decided that if Lisbon was going to see a football game it ought to see a big one—a show which would do the U.S. proud in Portugal. The captain, who had been inoculated with midwestern football mania during a pre-academy stint at Purdue University, radioed for permission to use Lisbon's National Stadium, a huge suburban athletic plant which seats 60,000. The U.S. Embassy agreed to bless the project, and both the U.S. naval attaché ashore and the crew of the *Valley Forge* at sea leaped to feverish preparation. The results were surprising. Forty-five thousand citizens of Lisbon (who were admitted free) traveled to the stadium on special trains and buses to see what their newspapers had described as "a match of tackle, known as American football." A U.S. Navy band played. So did a Portuguese navy band. Four cheerleaders leaped and postured before the destroyer's rooting section.



Four girl cheerleaders recruited from U.S. families in Lisbon "performed a sort of ballet to raise the spirits" of the sailors from the *Valley Forge*.

A goat, arrayed in a blue blanket, was tethered on the sidelines. Then, while a Portuguese announcer roared explanations over a set of loudspeakers, the game began. "It looked," wrote one Lisbon observer afterward, "terribly exciting. The players were hurling themselves on top of one another with what seemed like an excess of zest. Fear was voiced that perhaps the last

one would be found crushed to death. The most baffling fact was perhaps that the ball was seldom seen, but the piles of bodies always gave some indication of its whereabouts. At the interval a detachment of marines gave a wonderful display and drew applause from the crowd. When the game resumed, the superiority of the *Valley Forge* team brought them to the touchdown line. There was a roar from the crowd."

The score? *Valley Forge*, 12; U.S.S. *Zellars*, 0. Fullback Roberts, of losing team, didn't mind. "This," he grinned, "is the day I've dreamed about."

### THE LADY AND THE STRIPER

IN THE WAR that rages without and between the sexes, an important salient has fallen to the deadlier of the species. A woman, Mrs. Louise de Somov, 54, of Hampton Bays, N.Y., has won the Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) Striped Bass Derby for the first time in its 10-year history.

Mrs. de Somov ("Lu-di Bell" to her friends, of which she had hardly any among the disgruntled male surf casters) took first place by landing a 45-pound 9-ounce striper at Zack's Cliffs on the south shore of the island. Her prizes included a one-room redwood cabin, a plot of ground to put it on and a \$500 U.S. Savings Bond. To add bitterness to the male cup, Mrs. de Somov beat out her own husband, Serge, who came in third with a 43-pound 9½-ounce fish.

Speaking of male cups, they were filling them up at the Ritz Café, which is just down the street from the derby's weighing-in station and, to hear the men at the bar, the victory of Mrs. de Somov was unethical and uncalled for.

"The lady," said a red-haired man dressed in foul-weather gear, "took that striper with butterfish bait. Am I right or wrong?"

As a chorus assured him he was right, he went on:

"She threw that line out there with butterfish for bait, and then she just lets it go to the bottom and lay there and stay there!" He jerked up his head and demanded: "Right or wrong?"

He was right.

"Well, sir!" he roared, "I don't call that surf casting! I call that bottom fishing!"

Advised of this male reaction to her victory, Lu-di Bell drew herself up to her full height of 5 foot 2 and said: "Phooey. Men are babies. If they don't get a strike with their little toys, those artificial lures, those jogs and darters and poppers, they think they're not



### BROAD JUMP

The checkers champ is mighty plaw;  
In case you want to know how come,  
He made a triple jump, of course,  
And got a medal charity horse.

—HARVEY L. CARTER

playing the game. A woman goes directly to the point, which is to catch fish. If the bass are going for butterfish, why try to fool them with a lot of nonsense? I've been entering this derby every year since it started, and those men can't tell me anything about striper."

Ben Morton, who directs the bass derby for the Chamber of Commerce, said of it all: "There has been a definite trend toward butterfish and the so-called bottom fishing in the past few years and there is nothing in the derby rules to prevent it. I might point out that Mrs. de Somov's husband took third place with a homemade tin jig. Let there be no hard feelings. It was a great derby—22 states and Canada represented, 82 cities—and a total of 1,800 fish caught. Next year's derby will begin as usual on September 15. Come one, come all."

#### HONORED SNAKE

THAT BIZARRE profession, the collection and importation of wild animals, occasionally produces something odd and rare. The other day, for example, Peter Ryhiner, a hefty Swiss animal collector, showed up in New York with a 7-foot Indian rock python which, instead of being mottled brown like others of the species, was ivory-white with improbable dark-blue eyes.

When anything unusual comes to New York it is traditional to hold a cocktail party for it. The martinis, highballs and salted peanuts are broken out in honor of all sorts of oddities. Apes have been toasted and on one occasion the hostess poured heavily at a christening party for a dog. The snake's cocktail party was held in the Manhattan offices of Swissair. The connection here, of course, is that the man who brought the snake is a Swiss and furthermore Mr. Ryhiner announced emphatically, "Wherever I go in the world with my snake we will fly Swissair."

The arrangements for the party were simple. There were two rooms. They had the whisky in the first room and the snake in the second. Some guests remarked they would prefer it the other way round; they would rather see the snake first and then drink the whisky. Some resorted to refreshments both before and after seeing the snake.

In the snake room Mr. Ryhiner, who has a goatee and blond, wavy hair, stood behind a table on which rested a wooden box. In the box were two snakes, the white one and a normal, mottled brown rock python for

contrast. The guest-of-honor snake was all that had been claimed for it. Its skin lacked the pinkish tinge which albinos have but was the glossy white of polished ivory. Its dark eyes also proved that it was not a true albino, for albinos have pink eyes.

Lifting his prize from the box and holding it draped across his forearms, Mr. Ryhiner told how he had heard of a white python northeast of Khulna in eastern Pakistan.

"I put four of my best men on the job and they waited for four months and the lucky day came," he said. "They caught it on the rocks."

Questions came fast. Mr. Ryhiner said it was the first such snake ever seen.

"Three thousand years and we haven't seen one like it," he said. One guest put down his drink and reached out to touch the pallid reptile. The snake hissed.

"No, no, no," Mr. Ryhiner said sternly. "No quick movements."

The guest went back to his drink, but others came up and touched the snake with slow movements. There was talk about Eastern superstitions concerning white serpents, and somebody mentioned "the curse of the white python." When Mr. Ryhiner was on his way here with his shipment of animals a young tiger tied on the ship's deck broke his leash and jumped into the Red Sea. However, it is highly doubtful that this was the result of any spell cast by the snake. The insurance company is contending that tigers shouldn't be kept on leashes.

Mr. Ryhiner would like to sell his

pale python but so far he hasn't had any luck. Before bringing it to New York he showed it to zoo officials in other cities, but they felt that the collector had an exalted idea of the snake's value. The zoo men were interested in it as an oddity but not as an exhibit. They prefer normal snakes.

Mr. Ryhiner gently lowered the snake back into the box where it curled up on an electric heating pad.

"I keep it at 75°," he said. At this point a young man who broadcasts a short-wave program to Switzerland came in with a microphone and a recording machine. He tried to get the snake to hiss for the Swiss, but the python was apparently tired. So they just chatted about it.

Finally the animal man closed the lid on his snake box. Out in the first room a merry group were still sipping cocktails and talking rapidly about snakes and a lot of other things, too.

#### FABLES IN FRAMMIS

ONCE UPON a time, when SI was very young—newly born, in fact—it published an item which began, "Wants pawn term. . . ." It turned out to be the story of Little Red Riding Hood written in a prose peculiar to Howard Chace, who teaches language at Miami University, Ohio. "Wants pawn term" is the Chacean way of writing "once upon a time." Little Red Riding Hood, to Chace, is "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut." Anyone who has read through the first 50 pages of *Finnegans Wake* will understand how

*continued on next page*



"My school uses white walls."

continued from page 12

this could happen to a language teacher. After all, James Joyce had been a language teacher.

Since that time (cents dot thyme) the reading of Chace has become an indoor sport, suitable to long evenings over port and, of course, nuts. It was



inevitable, surely, that some publisher would decide to put out a whole book of Chace. Prentice-Hall will do so in the spring, when almost anything is likely to seem normal.

Chace isn't too difficult, once you get the swing of it. Four eggs ample:

**Darn Honor Form.** Heresy rheumatic starry offer former's dodder, Violate Huskings, an wart hoppings darn honor form.

Violate lift wetter fodder, oiled Former Huskings, hoe hatter repetition fur bang furry retch—an furry stenchy. Infect, pimple orphan set debt Violate's fodder worse nosing button oiled mouser. Violate, honor udder hen, worsted furry gnats parson—jester putty ladle form gull, sample, mocked an uninfected.

Wan moaning Former Huskings nudist haze dodder setting honor cheer, during nosing.

"Violate!" shorted dole former. "Watter setting darn fur? Denture nor yore canned get retch setting darn during nosing? Germ pup otter debt cheer?"

"Arm tarred, Fodder," resplendent Violate warily.

"Watter tarred fur?" aster stenchy former, hoe dint half mush symphony further gull. "Are badger dint doe mush woke disk moaning! Ditcher curry doe buckles fuller slob darn tutor peg pan an feeder pegs?"

"Yap, Fodder. Are fetter pegs." "Ditcher mail car cawa an swoop otter caw staple?"

"Off curse, Fodder. Are mulet oiler caws an swapped otter staple, an fetter checking, an clammed upper larder inner checking horse toe gadder oiler aches, an wen darn tutor vestibule guarding toe peck oiler bogs an warms otter vestibules, an watched an earned yore closing, an fetter hearses an—"

"Ditcher warden oiler hearses, toe?" enter-ruptured oiled Huskings.

"Nor, Fodder, are dint."

"Dint warden mar bearses? Wire nut?"

"Arm surrey, Fodder, butcher hearses jest worsen Thursday. Yore kin leader hearse toe warden, Fodder, butcher cannon maggot drank. Lessen, Fodder, arm tarred?"

"Oil wares tarred!" crumpled Huskings. "Wail, sense yore sore tarred, oil lecher wrestle ladle, bought god offer debt cheer! Wile yore wrestling, yore kin maker bets an washer dashes."

Suture fodder! Effervescent fur Violate's sweat-hard, Hairy Parkings, disk por gull word sordidly half ban furry misible.

(Necks weak: Pot 2)

## BRIEF MEMOIR

NEW YORK's Letos Club, founded in 1872 as "Godfather of the Arts" for men who "rate sentiment above sordidity, achievement above assumption and learning above wealth," gave its 249th state dinner the other night and inducted its guest of honor, James A. Farley, into the company of Ulysses S. Grant, Woodrow Wilson, John Galsworthy, Herbert Hoover and Mary Garden. He was presented with a framed dinner menu which listed such delights as green turtle soup, baked chicken mousseline, wild rice

croquettes, alligator pear salad and ambrosia à la Victor (the club chef). Big Jim listened, tears in his eyes, to the tributes of the men who had gathered to honor him.

The evening had a sporting aspect because Farley was once New York's boxing commissioner (he established the no-foul rule), and Robert K. Christenberry, who is now a member of the boxing commission, is first vice president of the club and was present at the dinner. But beyond that, Robert Moses, nominating Farley "for recognition in this Hall of Fame," recalled that, as Secretary of State during the governorship of Al Smith, he had been Boxing Chairman Farley's boss.

"My suspicion of professional boxing dates back to that period," Moses said. "Maybe Jim will remember an occasion when the sainted Tex Rickard complained to me bitterly that he had been forced to dish out 1,800 free seats to a big fight in the Garden. I asked Jim to cut the Annie Oakleys to 300, which he did. Thereupon Tex Rickard denounced me as an unmitigated, interfering louse and asked who I was to block free enterprise and prevent his distribution of largesse to fine people."

"The fight game is no more savory today than it was then, but that's not the fault of Jim, who is a fine sportsman and an example to the athletic youth of the land."

## SPECTACLE

## SADDLE BRONC MAN

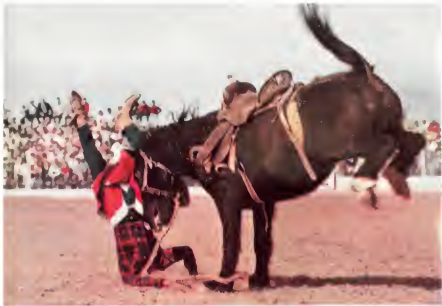
One man and a mean, squealing, kicking, twisting piece of sinewy horseflesh battle it out for supremacy at Tucson

On the last day of the 30th annual Tucson Rodeo, *La Fiesta de los Vaqueros*, Cowboy Frank Wehtje of Toledo, Washington was assigned a horse in the Saddle Bronc Riding event. The horse bore an appropriate name: Rough Goin'. Wehtje's job: to stay aboard Rough Goin' for eight seconds while the horse, selected for courage and meanness like the brave bulls south of the border, lunged and plunged in an effort to unseat him. During those eight seconds Wehtje was allowed to use only one rein and, to lessen his chance of taking a firm grip, the rein had to be free from knots or tape and could not be wrapped around his hand. One of 214 contestants, he appeared before a crowd of 8,000 persons. Wehtje is not a famous cowboy and did not finish in the money-winners' class at this rodeo. Rough Goin' gave him a rugged ride. To see how he made out with his bronc follow him on the next four pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PERKIN







Heels over head, Cowboy Frank Wachtje of Toledo, Wash. lands on neck with a thump, then tries to roll out of the way as Rough Gain', a wild, twisting saddle bronc, hovers above him (below) and comes down with foreleg through crooked arm (opposite) at Tucson rodeo







Webbja miraculously dodges hoofs and escapes uninjured, though momentarily stunned as Rough Coin' arches angrily away from him

# THE BUCKING BRONCO: RODEO'S MAGNIFICENT MISFIT

by HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

His manners are boorish, his temper is terrible. His popularity with cowboy and audience is dependent upon his meanness, but the incorrigible bucking horse is the darling of the rodeo world

A GOOD, tough fighting bronco is likely to be born, not made, and the odd thing about him is that the meaner and more murderous he is, the higher the esteem in which he is held by the cowboy who rides him, the stock contractor that owns him, and the audience that watches him battle his way around an arena.

He is not only thoroughly bad-mannered but he frequently is ugly, and as if this were not enough, his background is indescribably confused. His ancestry may combine the blood of round-baunched Percherons and ponderous Clydesdales; bony, snake-eyed Indian mares; neat little Texas-bred cow-pony types; Shetland ponies; and Thoroughbred stallions. As a type, he emerged late in the 19th century, when farm horses were introduced to the unfenced ranges of the West and all sorts of mismatches were made, mostly at the discretion of the horses.

In the past a bronco sometimes bucked because of the judicious use of stimulants like tabasco under the tail, a burr under the saddle or an electric buzzer, and here and there, perhaps, such practices are still in use, though the ASPCA, with the help of rodeo officials, has almost eliminated them. But a really good bronc will also buck because that is what he has in him. He is encouraged in it, having shown an aptitude for it, and such a one is like the good old trouser who always puts on an exciting show. Even great riders like Casey Tibbs or Deb Copenhaver look inept if they draw horses that just crowhop around the arena; the next cowboy may be less skilled, but if he draws a horse that turns itself inside out and jars a few teeth loose, he can take it all.

When Midnight, generally regarded as the toughest of them all, died in 1936, his funeral was attended by 300 mourning cowboys, most of whom he had laid low at one time or another (SI, Aug. 1, 1955). Bill Linderman, three-time All-Around Cowboy Champion, says: "There are some of those old bucking horses that the boys really love. Why? Because a contestant can't win on a bronc that does nothing . . . The rougher he is, the better—they're the ones we look for."

Since a big-time contractor like the Cremer Rodeo Co. or Everett Colborn or Elliott and Beutler must keep at least 250 head of the magnificent misfits on hand, a determined search is made each year for replacements, usually in Canada or Montana, where the cold winters "put the hell into them," as they say, and there's enough range to give a horse independent ideas.

Most of the great Broncos get into the game as spoiled horses, not as wild ones. They don't buck out of panic and desperation like the wild horse. They know man and seem to have a contempt for him. This is what makes them dependable in their awful way.

Strangest of the Broncos' many quirks is the fact that they may spend several well-behaved years before doing the Jekyll-Hyde switch that lands them in rodeo. Then "something happens." Nobody ever seems to know just what—"maybe only a tumbleweed blowing across the road." But when it does happen, it leaves some cowboy or farmhand nursing broken bones and marks the debut of another rodeo horse.

## BOBBINS WITH DYNAMITE

The great Midnight was foaled near Medicine Hat, Alberta before the start of World War I and is thought to have been a mixture of Thoroughbred and Percheron. The legend is that a schoolmarm rode him to school all one winter when he was a 4-year-old. Next year he changed his mind and bucked her off and from then on until his death 20-odd years later, he was ridden perhaps half a dozen times.

Hell's Angel, the long-unridden star of the Colborn string in the late '30s and early '40s, started out as a saddle horse in Idaho. Miss Klamath was ridden and even packed on for several years by an eastern Oregon rancher before the eruption of the inevitable "something." The Christensen brothers, her owners, are still doing a war dance because she bucked off Casey Tibbs last spring. The Black Hills rodeo producer, Harley Roth, had a horse that began its career by wrecking a mower on a South Dakota farm, because "the blade hit a rock, or maybe a snake scared him." Another one of his was an ex-dude horse that suddenly exploded under a 16-year-old boy after the latter had been riding him all summer.

What makes an outstanding bucking horse is a combination of the build to buck, the disposition to buck, and something that may as well be called technique. The lingo is full of expressions like "he fades away from the rein"; "bucks them off with his head"; "falls apart under them." "Bucking them off with his head" means that a horse can either "take the rein away" from the rider by sinking his head or else can throw him off balance by raising it and

*continued on page 58*



**COLT GEORGE SHAW** (14) hands off to star Fullback Alan Ameche (35) as Bear Linemen Fred Williams (75) and Bill George (61) move in. First collegian to be drafted by pros last winter, Shaw has sparked Colts' drive with his fine passing and running.

**BEAR BILL MCCOLL**, 6-foot 4-inch end from Stanford, reaches for Bob Williams' pass to score team's fifth touchdown after out-running Colt Defenders Bert Rechichar and Walt Bryan. Now in his fourth year as a Bear, McColl is studying to be a doctor.



# THE PROS ARE UPSIDE DOWN AND SCRAMBLED

by ALFRED WRIGHT

The Baltimore Colts and other underprivileged teams have been turning the football menu topsy-turvy though Chicago's Bears have started to right things

WHAT IN THE WORLD has happened to professional football? So far, 1955 must go down as the year in which this game has perversely refused to conform to reason. Those seemingly ageless Cleveland Browns, to be sure, continue to stomp through their schedule with almost monotonous success, but the rest of the league's elite names—the Detroit Lions, the Chicago Bears, the San Francisco 49ers and the Philadelphia Eagles—are feeding on a diet of humble pie. Strange names like the Baltimore Colts and the Pittsburgh Steelers and the long-quiet Green Bay Packers appear at the head of the standings in the league's two six-team divisions, and with the season one-third gone this alignment begins to look as if it had some sense and reason behind it.

Last week, for instance, with all the teams playing their fourth game, it was assumed that preseason predictions would begin to materialize and the favorites would start to make up for their early lagging. Philadelphia, which was supposed to end Cleveland's uninterrupted domination of the Eastern Division, had Pittsburgh at hand, and this was the time to bring the Steelers down to earth. But Pittsburgh's fine quarterback, Jim Finks, continued to throw winning passes, and Lynn Chandonis, their halfback, continued to look like the All-America halfback he had been at Michigan State a few years back. Pittsburgh took that one 13-7 to remain in first place with a record of 3-1, while the Eagles sank to the cellar.

Detroit, looking for its first victory, was far from unhappy at the prospect of entertaining San Francisco at Briggs Stadium. The 49ers, despite their superlative backfield of Hugh McElhen-

ny, Joe Perry and John Henry Johnson, were showing signs of total collapse, and the home town fans were sending the team to the showers with more boos than cheers. Detroit, on the other hand, was practically the same team that had won three straight Western Division championships. Yet the 49ers pulled that one out 27-24 with a last-minute touchdown, and the Lions remained a lonely last in their division.

Slushing through lakes and mud at the Polo Grounds, New York finally won their first game but hardly looked like the team that a certain amount of wise money had picked as the 1955 sleeper. They were up against the Chicago Cardinals, another of the year's surprise underdogs, but the Cardinals' fast backs, Ollie Matson and Dave Mann, need firm footing and they did not have it in the stormy East. So the Giants bumped the Cardinals out of their first-place tie by a score of 10-0, but it was a game that looked more like water polo than football.

Up in Milwaukee, Green Bay had

the unbeaten Los Angeles Rams as guests. This game would surely demonstrate whether the Packers' passing, which is already breaking records set in the palmy days of the fabulous Don Hutson, would continue to stand up against the wise old pros of the league. It did, although it took a 26-yard field goal in the closing seconds by Fullback Fred Cone to supply the two-point margin, 30-28, and hoist the Packers into a first-place tie with the Rams in the Western Division.

In Washington, D.C. the Cleveland Browns provided some comforting consistency in the midst of this bedlam as they ground out another of those apparently inevitable victories that leave you wondering whether anyone will ever relieve them of the Eastern Division title they have had since they first joined the league in 1950. The score of 24-14 was far from humiliating for this rejuvenated Washington team, and it seems fairly certain that the Redskins, with a 2-2 record, will continue to keep

*continued on next page*

COLT COACH MEER EWELANK CHIDES OFFICIALS AFTER THE BEARS COMPLETE SIDELINE PASS



## THE PROS ARE UPSIDE DOWN

*continued from page 21*

the league in the kind of turmoil it has enjoyed for the last month.

But of all these teams, the Baltimore Colts were providing the largest supply of amazement. Here were the undisputed orphans of pro football's stormy days, a team that had drifted vaguely from city to city looking for a home and finally found it in Baltimore in 1953 when the citizens promised to subscribe to 15,000 season tickets. With them came a kind of rag, tag and bobtail of aging athletes frequently wondering whether payday was just a mirage. By all the laws of football genetics it was bound to take the Colts' generous new owners a half dozen years to breed and raise a winner in the violent competition of the National Football League. Even the most promising college All-American requires a year or two of proper seasoning among wise veterans before he captures the ways of a pro, and there are only a couple of dozen of those to be shared by the league's 12 teams each year.

Starting the 1955 season the Colts had a thin front line of rookies who had been among the choicest prizes of the winter draft. There was Alan (The

Horse) Ameche, a compact, 217-pound fullback who had been largely responsible for taking Wisconsin to the 1953 Rose Bowl. There was George Shaw, whose extraordinary passing had made an otherwise ordinary Oregon team into a national celebrity of sorts. There was Dick Szymanski, 236 pounds of Notre Dame beef and brawn who could take care of the inconspicuous but tremendously important job of offensive center.

### PENNANT SCENT

These and nine other rookies, a disproportionately high number for any pro team, were the major assets with which the Colts hoped—but not too strongly—to climb a rung or two out of the Western Division cellar this year. With only four of the old orphan Colts still on the payroll, the team had youth and the ambition that goes with it, but only the fuzziest optimists expected any miracles. The championship was still several years away.

But was it? On the first Sunday of the season George Halas' huge and rugged Bears from Chicago appeared at Memorial Stadium, and while 36,000

patient Baltimoreans sat in the stands waiting for the inevitable, the frisky young Colts ran up a lead of 17 points and held on to most of it throughout the game. The next Saturday they were visited by Detroit, and the Lions were sent tumbling 28-13. The third week they were off to Milwaukee, where they provided the same medicine for unbeaten Green Bay. Now it was 3 up and 3 down, and the scent of a league pennant began to drift through Baltimore.

Last weekend it was the Bears again but this time on their own home grounds at Wrigley Field. The 34 athletes who set off for Chicago in a chartered plane on Saturday morning were almost sure they had something of a miracle in the making. Almost. Weeb Ewbank, a short and jolly fellow off the football field who seems to grow big and angry when a game begins, had coached his boys—among other things—never to underestimate the power of the Bears. Besides, the players had only to look around the plane to see two sobering reminders. Gino Marchetti, the 245-pound defensive end, had his left arm in a sling, the result of a shoulder dislocation, and Middle Guard Joe Campanella was nursing a painfully bruised knee. Neither would play, thus depriving the Colts of 40% of what is

## AROUND THE LEAGUE IT WAS ROUGH AND WET



**AT DETROIT,** Lion End Dorne Dibble is upended as he grabs for incomplete second-period pass from Harry Gilmer. Standing by to pounce on Dibble is 6'9" Linebacker Hardy Brown. Last-minute San Francisco touchdown brought champion Lions their fourth straight loss.



**AT NEW YORK,** Giant Fullback Bob Epps navigates five-yard gain against the Chicago Cards, helping to bring his



probably the strongest defensive line in football today.

By Sunday morning the heady visions of league pennants had given way to the quieting prospects of the violent afternoon ahead. The gags and even the conversation were now scarce as the men stared thoughtfully out the bus windows at Lake Michigan on their way to Wrigley Field. In the dressing room it was quiet as these huge men sat on folding chairs in front of their lockers and slowly, almost reluctantly it seemed, took off one piece of clothing after another and painstakingly worked their way into the intricate armor demanded by modern football. Dick Chorovich, the 260-pound tackle, told the man at the next locker what the tension was doing to him. "As soon as I finished that steak this morning," he said, "I went right upstairs to my room and lost it all."

#### SOME EARLY DOUBTS

There was no pep talk by Coach Ewbank, no histrionics. Just a last-minute summary on the blackboard to refresh all minds on the afternoon's strategy. The first three plays to be used on offense were assigned, and then players and coaches knelt in a brief, silent prayer.

On his way to the field Weeb Ewbank wondered aloud. "The boys have been high for three weeks," he said to no one in particular. "I don't know how long it can last. Those Bears are always tough, but here in Chicago they're toughest."

Ewbank's early doubts were soon justified. By the end of the first quarter after an exchange of field goals had tied the score at 3-3, it was apparent that the Colts were not the team that had been pushing their elders around the field for three weeks. The supercharged Bear line, hungry for its first league victory, was giving George Shaw very little time for his passes, and only his feline speed and agility was saving him from serious trouble. The blocking for Ameche was seldom crisp, but his immense running power was able to hold up his average of nearly five yards a try against the swarming Bears.

On the other hand, the Bears, larger and far more poised than the men from Baltimore, were as uncompromising as the Colts were ragged. In the second quarter they opened a hole in the Colt line for Rookie Rick Casares, who squirted into the open and went 81 yards for a touchdown. A few minutes later, when a Colt defender slipped and fell, George Blanda's pass sailed easily

into the arms of Gene Schroeder, who trotted a few unmolested yards to a second touchdown. From then on it seemed that nothing worked for the Colts, everything for the Bears. In one egregious mental lapse Colt safety man Bert Rechichar made a fair catch of a Bear punt on his own two-yard line instead of letting it go for a touchback—the kind of thing a high school boy would be ashamed of. It was that way for the rest of the afternoon, and the score was 31-3 before Baltimore crossed the Bear goal line for its only touchdown of the day. As the thoroughly beaten and depressed Colts dragged themselves into their dressing room, a Bear rooster taunted Tackle Chorovich. Big Dick said all there was to say: "That's the way it goes. Some days you can't make a nickel."

But the Colts are a young team, and they believe in themselves; and their new and enthusiastic friends in Baltimore believe in them. The gloom of their long three-hour plane ride home on Sunday night was suddenly broken at the Baltimore airport. There to welcome them home were 6,000 fans who didn't seem to care what had happened in Chicago. Their Colts were still tied for first in this most unpredictable season in NFL history. (E.H.B.)



team its first league victory. The year's worst rainstorm filled the Polo Grounds with puddles a foot deep, bogging down the speedy Chicago backfield.



AT WASHINGTON, Halfback Bert Zagers of the Redskins fumbles when he is hit by Cleveland Brown tackler as Brown victory held team in first-place tie with Pittsburgh. Redskin Walt Houston (65) and Browns' Bob Gain (79) close in.

## **BASKETBALL AT ST. PETER'S**

Pope Pius XII watches a demonstration of the game in the Vatican's famous square after addressing the crowd on the spirit of proper sportsmanship. 'To win,' the Pope said, 'is not so important as to prove one's skill and fortitude' (see also page 11).

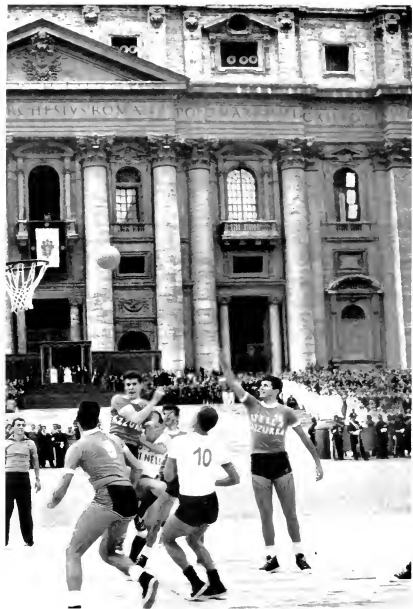


**POPE PIUS** congratulates captain of winning basketball team on 10th anniversary of Italian sports movement he restored.



**THRONG OF 80,000** also heard the Pope express his satisfaction that the 1960 summer Olympics will be held in "Christian Rome."

**ITALIAN SPORTS CENTER** player tries a push shot as the Pope watches from elevated throne at main entrance to St. Peter's.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY AL TAYLOR

## RED VERSION OF 'DAMN YANKEES'

Not to be outdone by U.S. showmen who turned their national game into a smash hit on Broadway, Soviet folk dancers, like the three butting an imaginary ball above, are wowing sophisticated Parisian audiences with a caricature of the U.S.S.R.'s favorite sport of soccer



**Ballet begins as pompous officials march on the field**  
Soaring dancer viciously kicks the ball toward goal



**Chasing ball, opposing players leap down the field**  
Desperation dive by the goalie results in vital save





**ABDOMINAL MUSCLES** of Walter Lenhard, 41, vice president of Quaker City Life Insurance Co., are tested by having him blow into a tube hooked up to a column of mercury. Lenhard pushed mercury up to a fair 165 millimeters, but Cureton (left) told him to "do something more strenuous than volleyball."

## KEEPING FIT IN PHILLY

Professor Thomas Cureton, the University of Illinois physical-fitness expert who has helped several of the world's outstanding athletes, tests a number of Philadelphia businessmen softened by office-chair squat

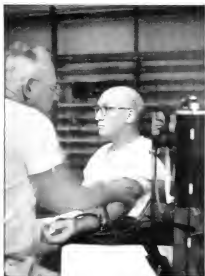
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERNIE CLIFF



**BALANCE TEST** finds Ralph Eaton poised on board running along floor of Central Branch YMCA. After tests were finished, Eaton groaned, "I play golf regularly and bowl once a week, but I didn't realize how little some of my muscles have been used."



**FLEXIBILITY TEST** shows Frank Peberdy, a purchasing agent for an engineering firm, to be above average. A diabetic, the 49-year-old Peberdy has reduced from 303 pounds to 273 by regular workouts at the Y on the recommendation of his doctor.



**HEART TEST** is administered to Ralph Eaton, 50, president of Lummin and Co., by Cureton, who found Eaton's pulse a bit below average. Cureton suggests gym work rather than sports because, as he puts it, "many sports are not pointed up to fitness."



**SPARE TIRE** on William Hamilton, dean of the Pierce Business School, undergoes scientific squeeze in fat-measurement test. Although two-thirds of the 10 men tested belonged to the Y, Cureton found the majority only average or below physically.



**FORMER ATHLETE** George H. Braceland, 42, vice president of printing firm, expected to do better than the slightly above average he made in tests. Once a semipro baseball and football player, Braceland now finds swimming to be his major exercise.



**TENNIS PLAYER** William J. Clothier II, 39-year-old coal company executive, encountered little difficulty passing most of the tests. Despite Clothier's above-average performance Cureton still highly recommended an individual long-term calisthenic program.

# THE OHIO STATE STORY: WIN OR ELSE



Unlike the Ivy schools (SI, Oct. 17), the Buckeyes function as a public utility for the entertainment of 8 million fans. All they ask of coach and players is a victory every Saturday

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON during the football season, while a scarlet-jerseyed quarterback of Ohio State University barks signals on the field, 425,000 additional quarterbacks in Columbus and another 8 million throughout the state are sure to think, at some point during the game, that each of them could do a better job. By Monday morning, the traditional time for quarterback sniping, these millions of signal callers will have replayed the game several times over in their own minds, and will then start replaying it in groups. Along about Wednesday or Thursday the coming Saturday's game will come up for discussion, and all of Ohio will decide in advance just how that one ought to be played.

To a certain degree this sort of thing goes on all over the country, but in Ohio football is super-serious business. Few are the games at Ohio Stadium, rain or shine, that are not attended by capacity crowds of 82,000 screaming, back-pounding, bottle-sipping, pigskin-patulated customers. The rest of the quarterbacks in the state—those who couldn't get tickets—do their second guessing on radio or TV (a half dozen radio stations make sure the game is brought into every home). And if OSU loses, the separate and collective wrath of these millions of proprietary partisans will be leveled against the man behind the quarterback—The Coach.

Big Brother to everybody when he's on top, but candidate of candidates for the salt mines when he's not, a head football coach at OSU has been described as having, next to the Presidency, the toughest job in the United States. Not only does he have to direct the fortunes of his squad, but he is at the constant beck and call of all the quarterback organizations in Ohio, to

whom he must make full accountings. The coach's postgame confessions of sins are regularly delivered in a manner reminiscent of a defendant at a Soviet trial. "I was wrong there," he will say, hanging his head abjectly. "I shouldn'ta done that." The fact that he may have been right, or that the point in question is at least debatable, makes no difference. The boys in the back room want blood.

The man on trial this week (for losing 20-14 to Duke) is an oddly wounded individual named Wayse Woodrow (Woody) Hayes, who is both a charming and frightening product of what, in these years of postwar prosperity, is more of a bountiful big business and a mass hysteria than it ever was before. In many respects Hayes is the perfect man for the job. Beyond replaying the game coolly with the manifold quarterbacks in mufti, he is bumptiously tough and is far from a hypocrite. Hayes is completely, in fact devastatingly, aware that in the struggle for survival he must produce a winning team or lose his \$15,000-a-year position and, even more important, his prestige as a big-time coach, which happens to be Woody's total *raison d'être*.

"I love football," Hayes says, with his slight hup and almost with tears in his eyes. "I think it's the most wonderful game in the world, and I despise to lose. I've hated to lose ever since I was a kid and threw away the mallets when I lost at croquet."

This perhaps unadmirable trait has the unalterable approval of every man Buckeye, but Hayes gets no points for mere enthusiasm. Each week of the season brings on a public reincarnation of himself, in the image of hero or villain. If, as usual, there are nine games to the schedule, he lives nine unpredictable, breath-taking, spine-tingling lives. Depending on how much of a

**WORRIED COACH** is a familiar figure at Ohio State. Here Woody Hayes broods on sidelines during game OSU finally won.



winning edge he has at the end of November, the reincarnations can be terminated in one tremendous, popularly applied, postseason kick-after-lack-of-touchdowns—OUT!

So far, Hayes has hung on, but it's been close. He is now in his fifth season and until last year he was more often a bumbling devil incarnate than a gridiron Galahad. But in 1954 he dismayed his most ardent detractors by producing an unbeaten team of national champions. For the moment at least, all the angry and frustrated Walter Mittys in Ohio had to stay on the bench.

By the end of this season, Hayes may be in for fresh trouble. But if he doesn't talk too much, a habit he's had considerable difficulty controlling in the past (last winter at a Cleveland alumni meeting he couldn't resist asking, "How many of you were here last year?" and demanding a show of hands), the consensus is that he earned himself enough insurance in '54 to survive a likely so-so '55 record.

#### THE FICKLE FLATLANDS

In four and a half years at OSU, Hayes has won 28, lost 11 and tied two. If he should fail two years in a row to win more games than he loses, he will automatically be a flop as a coach and a foolish fellow to boot. That's how it is in these fickle flatlands, and that's how it will be, with Hayes simply a Frankenstein of the system, until football ceases to be a vast profit-making amusement enterprise with amateur dressing.

There unquestionably is a great demand for this kind of game. The demand isn't hard to diagnose. Ohio is a heavily populated state but, unlike New York or California, it has comparatively little outlet for the hungry and abundant entertainment dollar. Since OSU now claims to have the biggest single campus enrollment in the country, more than 21,000 students, it seems only natural to Ohioans that it also ought to have the best football team, year in and year out; that, in the immortal words of one college president, repeated tongue-in-cheek by OSU's President Howard L. Bevis, "We should have a university of which the football team can be proud." Not only do the alumni demand perpetual gridiron greatness, but so does everyone else, which is where things get blurred. When the barber, the cab driver and the waitress all express themselves firmly on the matter, they are doing more than getting a vicarious thrill out of identifying themselves with the

university they were never able to attend. They are helping form what is obviously a professional atmosphere—and it is the atmosphere and the attitudes that are important—in which Dem Bucks (and dem bucks) play a role highly similar in the mass mind to Dem Bums in Brooklyn.

"If football is a plaything for the community and nothing more, if we can't prove that the program is three fourths education and one fourth circus, then we should cut it out," says Dick Larkins, the university's personable and efficient athletic director. "But we think we can steer the ship in

#### THEY ALSO SERVED

Woody Hayes is Ohio State's fifth coach since 1941. His predecessors:

**PAUL BROWN** (1941-1943) won 18, lost eight, tied one. He went to Cleveland Browns in 1946 after Navy service.

**CARROLL WIDDOWS** (1944-1945) won 16, lost two, tied none. He stepped down by own choice to escape the strain.

**PAUL BIXLER** (1946) won four, lost three, tied two. He resigned after bad season to take coaching job at Colgate.

**WESLEY FESLER** (1947-1950) won 21, lost 13, tied three. He resigned, blaming "Columbus' stress on winning."

such a way that we have a fair measure of success and still uphold the best principles of academic life." Somewhat defensively, Larkins adds: "I don't know of any football player who doesn't go to class."

Jack Fullen, the alumni secretary, who is an outspoken opponent of big-time football, turns the argument around. "The football tail is wagging the college dog," he maintains. "Larkins has to meet an \$800,000-a-year budget in the athletic department. If he doesn't fill that stadium every Saturday, he won't be able to make ends meet. Like Woody, Dick is a creature of the system. Little by little his ideals are disintegrating as he has to use football receipts to pay off the bond issue on the new field house. We'll never be off the hook until we stop worrying about attendance."

Since attendance depends on the quality of the football, both Larkins and Hayes are staunch defenders of the recruiting methods that each year bring two or three dozen of Ohio's best high school players to the university. Says Larkins: "If athletics are forced to pay the freight for a program that ought to be defrayed by the state,

then you've got to produce a winning team for the community as well as for the alumni." To which Hayes adds: "The only way we can justify college football is to see that the kids get their due educationally, that they get here and then stay here."

If a high school football star does meet OSU's academic requirements, he can get himself a state scholarship of a few hundred dollars a year and either a part-time state office job, paying about \$60 a month, or a considerably better one working for such wealthy alumni as John Galbreath, the real estate man and sportsman, or Leo Yassenoff, a Columbus contractor.

Galbreath and Yassenoff are probably the two best-known members of the Frontliners, an organization comprising some hundred alumni in the state whose prime function it is to recruit young high school stars. Ironically, the Frontliners were organized eight years ago by Fullen, who figured if he couldn't beat the system he'd string along with it and at least "try to sell OSU to players instead of trying to purchase them."

The fact that there have been abuses of the system of encouraging and supporting players is essentially the public's fault, Fullen feels. Because football is a state-wide institution, with everybody getting in on the act or wanting to, the opportunities for evil begin back in the lower echelons. "What we've got in Ohio is the guaranteed annual B for high school football stars," Fullen says. "Can he run, can he pass, can he punt?—that is the question. If he can, the wherewithal and the consciences can be easily provided and appeased."

Fullen may exaggerate, but a couple of recent, celebrated cases would seem to prove his point, and perhaps an axiom—that abuses are inevitable once the goal (read touchdown) is established in the image of a constantly victorious football machine.

The first concerns a young man with the odd name of Hubert Bobo, a handsome, Atlas-type fullback who came from the tough little town of Chauncey, Ohio. There, according to Fullen's research, he seldom went to classes more than three days a week and was awarded his high school diploma by the school board over the protests of the principal because Bobo promised to put Chauncey on the map. At OSU he was a terror, both on the field and off. A tremendous blocker and an astonishingly fast, helter-skelter runner for a big lad, he played a big role in OSU's

continued on next page

continued from page 31

great '54 record. He also openly boasted of having four tutors ("modern indoor record"), and he got involved in a paternity suit. Bobo finally flunked himself out, and since then he's turned down some good Canadian pro and southern college offers. Today he has a job and Hayes, sore beset as he is, would be delighted to welcome a reformed Bobo back to OSU.

The other case has to do with Russ Bowermaster, a young end from Hamilton, Ohio. Bowermaster played fine freshman football at OSU last year but then he too flunked out. This past summer he failed a make-up course, so he wasn't available this fall. While he would hardly seem to be meeting the academic standards Dick Larkins and Hayes proclaim, patience is called for because, as Woody says, "This kid's a helluva football player." Now, like Bobo, Bowermaster is expected back when he finally catches that elusive academic pass.

Despite the Bobos and the Bowermasters, many gridmen do attend classes, and some of them, Hopalong Cassidy included, get better than average marks. Hayes particularly seeks quarterbacks with straight-A averages so he at least won't have to worry about their flunking out. "Woody is refreshing in his frankness," Fullen adds, "but his condescence, like that of all the others involved in this mess, is caught in the compulsions of survival. 'Don't give me any of that character building business,' he's told me. 'I could build all the characters in the world and lose enough games, and I'd be out of here, but fast.'"

In recruiting, Hayes gets some help from his wife and some from the frank expenditure of the approximately \$4,000 a year he earns doing a TV stint in Columbus. The Hayeses often entertain prospects in their home (Big Ten rules forbid coaches to recruit outside). Once signed, a recruit can count on some financial help from Hayes if he is "in need." Woody insists that he never forks up for a luxury—another narrow line—but it's certainly also true that he makes sure he won't lose any valuable men by financial default.

Hayes has all the respect in the world for the bona fide bird dogs in Ohio. His troubles spring from the fact that so many of them turn into wolves. Actually, the wolves were prowling at his doorstep the moment he talked himself into the job his best friends warned him not to take.

He came into a climate that was anything but congenial. A powerful alumni faction had demanded the return of Paul Brown, who had coached at OSU before going off to the Navy and subsequently becoming a pro coach—and if Brown wasn't available another big-time name coach was wanted. Hayes, these alumni contended, was pretty small potatoes when you looked at his record.



**WORRIED BOOSTER** Jack Fullen, the alumni secretary, deprecates overemphasis.

Who, indeed, was Hayes?

At least, he was unadulterated Ohio. Born in Clifton in 1913, he grew up in Newcomerstown, where his self-educated father was superintendent of schools. Both his parents were adamant, as far back as Woody can remember, about his getting a college education. As a pair of husky country boys, Hayes and brother Ike were naturally interested in more robust pursuits. Stemming from a line of tough mountaineer fighters, they carried on the tradition. One evening Superintendent Hayes went out to deliver a speech and found himself in an empty meeting hall. He was told about "the big fight" going on, and rushed over to discover that his competition was his two sons, putting on a bout under assumed names.

Woody went to Denison University in Granville, where he majored in English and history—he was a top-grade history student—and played varsity football as a tackle and varsity baseball as an outfielder. After graduating from Denison, Hayes spent a year as assistant football coach at

Mingo Junction High School and then took a similar job at New Philadelphia. The head coach there was John Brickels, whom Hayes credits with teaching him more than anyone else about the game.

"Woody was always subject to temperamental outbursts," Brickels recalls. "Maybe it's because he was smart, quick and a perfectionist. I'd let him know what I wanted done and he'd do it, pronto. He lacked patience. I tried to tell him that when he corrected a kid he shouldn't make an enemy of the boy, but Woody had a hard time controlling himself and he drove the kids too hard. He'd swear a lot, and I also told him he was the last guy who should, that it didn't fit his personality, what with that little lisp of his. He kept improving, though, and when I left I recommended him for the top job."

Through 1938 and 1939 Hayes won 18, lost one and tied one at New Philadelphia. In 1940 he won only once though, and got into trouble with the superintendent over his harsh methods. At the end of the season he went into the Navy.

During the war Hayes commanded a patrol chaser and a destroyer escort. When he was discharged, as a lieutenant commander, he got the football coaching job at his alma mater, Denison, and after a poor first season his teams won 19 games in a row over two years.

Hayes still had his troubles though. His nerves were strung together with football laces. On more than one occasion his assistant coach, Rex Yard, and his close friend, Mike Grixey, a local hardware man, had to intervene to maintain harmony between him and his players.

"Woody drove himself as hard as the rest of us," Yard says. "The secret of his success has always been that he sticks to what he believes is right, even if he's wrong. He never stopped thinking football. One afternoon he caught me reading. 'What the hell d'you mean, reading a book during football season?' he shouted."

In 1949 Hayes moved on to Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, where he won five and lost four. "Woody will have trouble in his first year wherever he goes," his friends say. "It takes time to get to know him and his ways." The next season seemed to prove the point. Miami won eight out of nine and climaxed the season with a Salad Bowl victory over Arizona State.

As far back as Denison, Hayes had his cap set on OSU. "In 1951, when the

job was open, I spent an hour and a half trying to dissuade him, telling him about the wolves," Mike Gregory says. "But he wouldn't listen. It was a challenge."

After 71 days of deliberation, the OSU trustees were won over by Hayes's oratory (later Hayes said: "Before I went to see them, I didn't think I had a chance, but after talking to them for three hours I knew I had the job").

He started building up public confidence in himself at once. "We may not win 'em all, but we'll show you the fightingest team you've ever seen," he said in the first of many speeches. "I promise you we'll never be outconditioned."

#### HOW TO BE SURE

That last was an understatement. Hayes's obsession for condition and discipline almost ruined his first year's team. While he continued to treat the Frontliners and the others with kid gloves (more than one subdued wolf was heard to murmur, "If he can coach like he can talk, maybe he *will* be our man"), he drove his squad mercilessly. The players came to hate him.

"I believe in overlearning," Hayes maintained. "That way you're sure." One of his favorite gimmicks was "gassers," six or more laps around the field at the end of each grueling practice session. "The fellows don't think too much of all this running," Woody joked at one of the downtown alumni gatherings, "but they'll thank me for it once the season starts." During one drill one hot afternoon, far from thanking him, three men collapsed from heat exhaustion.

When he wasn't running them ragged, Hayes was talking his players deaf. "We set a record for meetings," Tackle Dick Logan said later. "We had meetings about meetings, and when we weren't in a meeting we were out running some more. When we finished running, we had a meeting about that too."

The bitter feeling between Hayes and his players reached such an impasse that they locked him out of the dressing room before the Illinois game, then went out and played the favored Illinois to a 0-0 tie. Another tie, four victories and three losses marked that first season of dissension. Quarterback Tony Curcillo, a standout single-winger, having been awkwardly switched to Hayes's T formation, said: "He had me so fouled up I didn't know what he wanted. If I passed, he jerked me out and said run. If I ran, out I came and

*continued on page 57*



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## SPARTANS 21, IRISH 7



DAUGHERTY TELLS HIS SPARTANS

As millions of TV watchers learned at half time last Saturday, Michigan State University sets great store by the precision of its marching band. As the hitherto unbeaten and unscored-on Irish of Notre Dame learned the same afternoon, Michigan State produces precision football too.

Notre Dame entered the game as the fourth-ranking team in the U.S., Michigan State as the 13th. After a two-hour display of Spartan finesse, the new rankings read: Michigan State, No. 6; Notre Dame, No. 11.

It is no disgrace to be beaten by the 1965 Spartans. In retrospect, indeed, the No. 1 team in the country, the University of Michigan, more than ever deserved that ranking for the simple fact that it has been the only team in the U.S. this season able to beat Michigan State (SI, Oct. 10).

Much of the credit for the Michigan State victory last Saturday belongs to a sturdy, rocklike man of whom the U.S. is bound to hear more—Coach

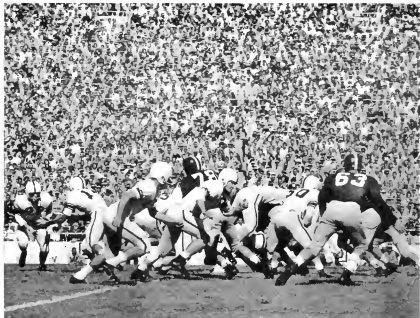
Hugh Duffy Daugherty who is serving his second term as Spartan head coach after seven years as line coach for Biggie Munn. Daugherty is an old lineman himself (Syracuse, '40) and his Michigan State line last week, led by Guard Embry Robinson, outcharged Notre Dame's forwards all day and turned in a devastating demonstration of downfield blocking. Behind them, with blazing precision, came the backs.

Gerry Planutis, an ex-G.I. who was discovered by far-flung Spartan recruiters while starring for a U.S. Army team in Trieste, was the big rocket in State's backfield but he had a lot of help. While Planutis ripped the Irish middle, Clarence Peaks sliced through the tackles, fleet Sophomore Walt Kowalczyk raced around end and Quarterback Earl Morrall kept the whole thing moving with his deft ball-handling, play selection and passing.

The final score was 21-7, and it just about represented the difference between the two teams.

HARD-DRIVING GERRY PLANUTIS SLICES THROUGH THE NOTRE DAME LINE BEHIND A CRUNCHING BLOCK BY TEAMMATE CLARENCE PEAKS





SACK-FAKING JIMMY WRIGHT HANDS OFF TO SOPHOMORE HALFBACK BILL DENDY AFTER FOOLING TCU LINE INTO DOING THE WRONG WAY

## AGGIES 19, FROGS 16

COACH BEAR BRYANT of Texas A&M is a man who likes to win. When the Aggies hired him away from Kentucky two years ago with a six-year contract, it was a storm signal of sorts to the rest of the Southwest Conference.

No one expected miracles from Bryant in his first year and none were forthcoming—A&M lost nine of its 10 games in 1954. But old Aggies didn't mind—they just pointed to Bear's freshman team, composed of the cream of the Texas schoolboy football crop, which won the unofficial conference freshman championship. "Wait till 1956 and 1957," old Aggies said.

This is still sound advice—and sound warning. In Fort Worth last week, however, Bryant's Aggies gave a brief glimpse of the shape of things to come by knocking over undefeated Texas Christian 19-16.

On defense the A&M youngsters used their speed to smother TCU's great breakaway back, Jim Spink, before he could get started; on offense

they sucked TCU's Horned Frogs with trap plays, pulled them in, then ran around them. With five sophomores and five juniors in the starting lineup (there were only four seniors on the squad), Bryant's "pore little boys" played TCU off its feet.

Sophomore Quarterbacks Jimmy Wright and Donnie Grant faked beautifully and ran the attack with precision. Junior Halfback Don Watson caught one 20-yard touchdown pass, blazed 51 yards for another. Sophomore Halfback Bill Dendy went 21 for the third. And Jim Stanley, a tremendous sophomore guard who followed Bryant all the way to College Station, Texas from Lynch, Ky., led an Aggie line which Saturday caused the Bear to say after the game: "Our line won it for us." Even the unhappy opponents were full of praise. "They were awfully quick," said Hugh Pitts, TCU's great center and linebacker. "They came out of those positions like they were fired out of cannons."



BEAR BRYANT CHEERS ON HIS TEXAS AGGIES

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## HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Oct. 22

• **Oklahoma vs. Colorado:** Not since 1932 have the Sooners even suffered a tie in the Big Seven and Colorado did it. OKLAHOMA.

• **Syracuse vs. Maryland:** The boys from Syracuse stunned and shellacked a supposedly superior cadet team Saturday at West Point. But Tatum's Terps are trampling all opposition, big and small. MARYLAND.

• **Duke vs. Pittsburgh:** Undeclared Blue Devils beat Buckeyes Saturday with second-half surge. Pitt's Panther is still dangerous. However—DUKE.

• **Wisconsin vs. Ohio State:** Both still have clean conference records. Here I go again... WISCONSIN.

• **Yale vs. Colgate:** The Red Raiders from the Chenango Valley meet superior enemy force in unbeaten Elis... YALE.

• **Purdue vs. Notre Dame:** It could have been the week of the upset for the Boilermakers, had not Notre Dame proven its mortality in loss to Michigan State. Believing the Irish will come back fighting... NOTRE DAME.

• **UCLA vs. Iowa:** (Friday night): Sanders' balanced single-wing attack has swept all opposition since Maryland loss. Evanshewski's multiple offense has latent strength. None the less—UCLA.

• **Michigan State vs. Illinois:** Surprising Spartans have come all the way back. Illinois is coming—but not far enough... MICHIGAN STATE.

• **Texas A&M vs. Baylor:** Both these teams bumped unbeaten foes Saturday. Aggie's soph-laden squad has been sensational since opening loss to UCLA, while Bears have been beaten only by Maryland. A problem but, BAYLOR.

• **Washington vs. Stanford:** Unpredictable Indians' second half surge fell short against UCLA last Saturday. The Huskies must have this one... WASHINGTON.

### ALSO:

Miami over TCU (Friday night)  
Army over Columbia  
Holy Cross over Boston University  
Georgia Tech over Florida State  
Harvard over Dartmouth  
Southern Methodist over Kansas  
Princeton over Cornell  
Michigan over Minnesota  
Oregon State over Washington State  
Southern Cal over California  
Navy over Pennsylvania  
Rice over Texas  
Utah over Wyoming  
West Virginia over Penn State  
Miss. State over Alabama

Lest week's record:  
12 right, 12 wrong, 1 tie  
Record to date: 52-25-4

## HORSES

**NASHUA CLOSES A LONG SEASON  
WITH A VICTORY, A RECORD AND  
TRIBUTES FROM A SOGGY CROWD  
AT THE JOCKEY CLUB GOLD CUP  
by WHITNEY TOWER**

THE Jockey Club Gold Cup, two miles over the main course at Belmont Park, is as true a test of Thoroughbred stamina as we have in this country. In the years since its inauguration in 1920 the Cup has been won by such champions as Man o' War, Gallant Fox, War Admiral, Whirlaway, Citation and High Gun. I doubt if any of them had as much of a battle with the elements as Nashua did last Saturday when he won the 36th Gold Cup.

The day was perfectly frightful. High winds and a driving rain, which never let up for more than a few minutes at a time, turned Belmont into a bleak meeting ground for horseplayers, and, needless to say, the running surface was a sea of slop. It can only be interpreted as a tremendous tribute to Nashua that some 26,565 people ventured out in such weather to watch the Belair Stud's champion 3-year-old run his last race of 1955. Many of the people, I suppose, were those who like to be on hand when history is made, and for them the day was no disappointment. For Nashua, in winning \$52,850, finished the campaign started at Hialeah last February 21 as the horse who has earned more money—\$752,550—in one season of racing than any other horse in the world. Incidentally, his two-year total is now \$945,413, second only to Citation's all-time record of \$1,085,760—a mark well within Nashua's reach during the approaching Florida winter season.

There was, as a matter of fact, a considerable amount of speculation last Saturday on whether or not Nashua would be sent out at all. For one thing, he lost the Sysonby to High Gun and Jet Action in the same sort of going, and then, just two weeks ago he was scratched from the Lawrence Realization because it too was to be run in the goo. Well, before the Gold Cup, Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons set the record straight. "It's not true," he explained, "to say the colt can't run over an off track. It's just that he prefers good going. We scratched him from the Lawrence Realization just to save him for this race. It was intended to be his last

*continued on next page*



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## HORSES

continued from page 37

race of the year, he's trained for it and he'll run—rain or shine."

No one, least of all his jockey, Eddie Arcaro, doubted that two miles would suit Nashua just fine. "Hell, he'll run all day if you ask him to," said Eddie as he waded through the paddock mud. Nashua didn't have to run all day, but he did have to give one good burst of speed coming out of the backstretch to dispose of Thinking Cap, and then he won easily by five lengths. As he went by the stands the first time, laying snugly back in second place, a ripple of applause rolled out into the damp air. When they came around again, the ripple rose to a steady roar in salute. "Anyone should be able to see," said Owner William Woodward, "why he prefers a dry strip. A big horse like Nashua wants to reach out and take advantage of a long, easy stride. He just can't do it in slop. But that doesn't mean he can't win in it just the same."

Later, when the colt had gone back to his barn, Woodward let out a sigh of relief. "I'm awfully relieved that the season is over and that we've been as fortunate as we have. Still, it's difficult to know whether you're making the right decision or not. Nashua is wonderfully fit right now and could race several more times. I just think, though, I'm doing the right thing." Nashua's immediate plans are to remain at Aqueduct for a few weeks and then go to Woodward's Maryland farm. Towards the end of December Fitzsimmons will take him to Florida, where the big objective will be the \$100,000 Widener—a mile and a quarter for 3-year-olds and up—at Hialeah on February 18.

"Do you really think," Woodward was asked by a friend, "it is so terribly important to own the richest horse in the world?"

A slow grin came over the face of Nashua's owner. "No," he replied with careful deliberation. "But you must admit it's a sort of useful title for a horse to have."

New York racing patrons are not usually solicited for opinions as to how the sport should be conducted. But now that the new nonprofit Greater New York Association has taken over ownership of all four tracks, programs will include suggestion blanks from which the new management hopes to pull in new ideas for far-reaching improvements. This is a long overdue step in the right direction. (E.N.D.)



## WEIDMAN'S BURDEN

by JEROME WEIDMAN

BARING A YOUTHFUL ABERRATION, OUR  
AUTHOR RECALLS HIS EARLY COURTHSHIP  
OF THE GRAND OLD GAME OF GOLF AND  
HOW HE REACHED THE END OF THE AFFAIR

ONE OF the odd things about the literature of love, as I have observed it, at any rate, is that more of its pages are devoted to chronicling the inception of affairs of the heart than to their endings.

Plutarch, for example, describes in exhaustive detail the moment when Antony began to have That Certain Feeling for the mix of the Nile. He is not nearly so verbose about their tragic finale. Throw a stone at any newspaper and you will hit at least two fan magazine accounts of the early stirrings of the Big Romance between Clark Gable and his fishing rod. But I have yet to encounter a report on the moment when the great lover switched to grouse shooting.

This may be due in part to the fact that certain passions are widely believed to have no terminal points. After all, love, according to the inscription Abraham Lincoln placed inside the wedding ring he gave to Mary Todd, is eternal. Another explanation may be that writers find it easier to describe the ascent of a rocket than the descent of a spent cartridge. Whatever the explanation, there would seem to be in the literature of love, if not precisely a gap, then at least a small hollow.

I am in a position to fill it.

Even though I can recall absolutely nothing about the moment when I fell in love with golf, I remember every astonishing detail of the moment when the great game and I reached that parting of the ways which Mr. Winchell has marked on the map of our language with the word "phftt!"

I was at the time, like the celebrated lad from Shropshire, one-and-twenty. That's where the resemblance between us ended. While he was knocking out bucolic verse for Mr. Alfred Edward Housman on the banks of the Severn, I was hunting a job in downtown Manhattan. I found one in the office of a public accountant named James Carl Peterson.

Mr. Peterson, who was my senior by a mere five years, was a pleasant and attractive young squirt who, a year after squeaking through Harvard at the bottom of his class, reached his position of eminence on the ladder of

success in an eminently traditional way: he married the boss's daughter. I never did meet the daughter, and if it had not been for my extraordinary love affair with golf, I probably never would have met the boss. The real boss, that is.

### A POSSESSING PASSION

His name was Arthur M. Hawley, and he had been practicing accountancy and playing golf for almost half a century when his daughter fell in love with young Peterson. Soon after the honeymoon it occurred to Mr. Hawley, who had already put quite a dent into his eighth decade, that the time had come for him to hand on the torch. He took his son-in-law into the business, changed the firm name to Hawley & Peterson and took himself off to his favorite golf club.

Peterson, like his father-in-law, was an ardent golfer and I found before very long that much of my business day consisted of listening to my boss's account of difficult holes he had played in the past and how he intended to play them in the future. Since I have always been a good listener and when paid for doing so I can rise to surprising heights in this difficult art, it was

almost inevitable, I suppose, that sooner or later young Peterson would begin to mistake my blank but rapt look for an approximation of the passion that possessed him.

"What are you doing next Sunday?" he asked one day.

"Huh?" I said, since I had not heard his question.

"I've been telling my father-in-law how interested you've become in golf, and he suggested that we ask you to walk around with us some Sunday so you can get an idea of what the game is like," said Peterson. "I'll pick you up in my car, and we'll drive out to Mr. Hawley's club. Think you can be ready by 9 o'clock?"

When I was one-and-twenty jobs were not plentiful; and jobs like this one would, at any age, make hens' teeth look as commonplace as a head cold. Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, I was ready.

"Mr. Hawley used to shoot in the low 80s, but he's slowed up a lot," young Peterson said to me on the drive out to the club. "He's very proud, though, of the fact that at 76 he still breaks 100 without too much trouble, as you'll see."

What I also saw, after we reached the club and I was introduced to Mr. Hawley and we walked out to the first tee, was that the old man didn't really care very much about whom he was playing. I could see, the moment the tall, spare, white-haired figure addressed his ball, that golf was not a game to him. This was passion.

*continued on next page*



"My wife wants to know where he bought his bathrobe."

continued from page 39

And like so much passion, I saw a couple of moments later, Mr. Hawley's could not stand very close examination; his beautifully timed and surprisingly vigorous swing hooked the ball off to the left in a slow bouncing roll that went not much more than 100 yards.

I looked quickly at the old man. I thought he would utter some sound or speak some word indicating his irritation. Not at all, Mr. Hawley did not even look annoyed. He was too busy doing something that struck me as odd: he dipped into the right-hand pocket of his knickers, pulled out something I could not see and transferred it to his left-hand pocket. Then he strode off down the fairway.

Another surprise was waiting for me when both players sank their putts at the end of the first hole.

## A STATISTICAL SURPRISE

I have a neat mind. Unconsciously, without any effort on my part, it performs small statistical tricks. I had not been keeping score. I had merely been walking along with the players, watching them and waiting for the spark to be ignited in my bosom which would indicate that I, too, had fallen in love with golf. As a matter of fact, I had forgotten all about my mind. Nevertheless, it had recorded unconsciously the fact that young Peterson had shot the hole in par, which was five, and his father-in-law had done it in seven. I was astonished, therefore, to hear the old man's announcement as he made the entry on the score card.

"Six," said Mr. Hawley in a loud, clear voice.

I looked quickly at young Peterson. His face reflected nothing unusual. It occurred to me that perhaps I had been mistaken. Surely a fine-looking old gentleman like Mr. Hawley, no matter how much he loved the game, was above cheating about his golf score! Maybe my mind, which was constantly playing tricks on me anyway, had merely played another one. Maybe the old man had actually shot not a seven but a six.

I decided to send my unconscious mind to the showers and turn over the task of more vigilant observation to its conscious counterpart. The result was rewarding but baffling. At the end of each hole, three things happened.

First, Mr. Hawley, with great deliberation, would go through the motions of transferring something I could not

identify from the left-hand pocket of his knickers to the right, pausing briefly to examine the object or objects in the process. Second, the old man would announce his score as one stroke less than the number I knew he had taken. And third, his son-in-law and my boss, young Peterson, would give no sign that he was even remotely aware of what seemed to me to be embarrassingly obvious: old Mr. Hawley was knocking off one stroke from his count on every single hole.

After he sank his last putt on the 18th—and he completed the small ritual of transferring something from his left-hand pocket to his right, as a result of which he announced that he had shot the hole in five when the evidence of all my alerted senses indicated unmistakably that Mr. Hawley had actually done it in six—young Peterson turned to me.

"All right, now," he said, "If you have any questions about the game, we'll be glad to answer them."

"Well," I said hesitantly, "I'd sort of like to know what it is Mr. Hawley does at the end of each stroke when he takes something out of one pocket and puts it into the other."

My amiable young boss laughed.

"That's just Mr. Hawley's own private invention for keeping score," he said. "He never comes out to play without a handful of pennies in his

right-hand pocket. As he completes each stroke he transfers a penny to his left-hand pocket. At the end of each hole, all he has to do is count up the pennies in his left-hand pocket and he knows how many strokes he's taken for that hole. That's right, sir," Peterson said, turning to his father-in-law, "isn't it?"

Mr. Hawley, who was adding up his score, beamed.

"Yes," he said. "I've been using that system for more than 40 years. It's absolutely infallible." He held up the score card. "Broke 100 again," the old man said happily. "Ninety-nine. Not bad for an old gaffer, eh?"

He laughed and I laughed with him.

"No, sir," I said cheerfully. "Except that your score isn't really 99. Actually, sir, it's 117."

Mr. Hawley and his son-in-law looked at me as though I had accused them of bribing the Pig Woman in the Hall-Mills murder case. Young Peterson found his voice first.

"What do you mean?" he said.

I was so carried away by the excitement of my discovery that I was thoughtless enough to tell him.

"It's simple enough," I said. "I've been watching Mr. Hawley and I noticed that he transfers a penny from his right-hand pocket to his left after every stroke, all right, except that after the last putt he takes all the pennies



"Don't be alarmed, dear. There's a sports car in the car pool."

out of his left-hand pocket instead of taking one more out of the right-hand one. As a result, he hasn't been counting his last putts, which means on every hole he's been scoring himself one stroke short of the actual count, which means that on the 18 holes you just played, he really has to add 18 more strokes to his card, and if you add 18 to the 99 Mr. Hawley has you get—"

My voice stopped. My excited and completely innocent explanation—which had been intended to convey to Mr. Hawley no more than the fact that, while I didn't know very much about public accountancy, I was not so dumb when it came to simple arithmetic—had run head on into the look on his face.

"Good Lord!" that look said as clearly as though the horrified words were actually being spelled out in neon lights. "For more than 40 years," said Mr. Hawley, "I've been making the same mistake! For almost half a century I've been accidentally deducting 18 strokes from my score card! Even in my prime, when I thought I was shooting in the low 80s I wasn't even breaking 100! Why hasn't somebody pointed that out to me before?"

#### AN INNOCENT HOLOCAUST

I couldn't imagine. Neither did I care to explore the subject further for possible answers. All I wanted at that shocked moment was to retrieve something from the holocaust of my innocent creation.

"Look," I said desperately to the stunned old man and his distressed young son-in-law. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean—"

Of course I didn't. Neither did all those people who announce later, in dazed voices, that they didn't know the gun was loaded.

"Not at all," Mr. Hawley said with simple dignity. "You were quite right to call the error to my attention. In fact—" the old man paused, and he took a long look at his score card, and then he surprised me again. He started to laugh. "In fact," Mr. Hawley said to me as he tore the score card in half, "I am in your debt, young man."

It was my turn now to stare in astonishment.

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"It is, if I may borrow a phrase, simple enough," the old man said. "For almost half a century I have been spending a good portion of my waking hours trying to accomplish something that I have always secretly felt is

*continued on next page*



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rather pointless, namely, consistently breaking 100. For the past two years, since I retired from the office, all my energies have been poured into the same pointless ambition." Mr. Hawley paused, looked at the two halves of his score card and chuckled. "Since it is now perfectly obvious, thanks to you, that in actual fact I never achieved that ambition, I can now, at my advanced age, finally stop trying to do so."

The old man's chuckle became a rumble of delight as he tore the two pieces of his score card into quarters.

"Matter of fact," he said, "I don't think deep down I ever did like this game. I feel like a prisoner who has been released from jail," he said as he tossed the bits of cardboard to the winds. "Now that I've got that out of my system," Mr. Hawley said, "I can go back to spending my time sensibly every day—in the office!"

He started toward the clubhouse, stopped, turned back and nodded to his golf bag.

#### A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE

"By the way, young man," Mr. Hawley said to me, "would you care to have, as a token of my gratitude, a very fine and extremely expensive set of matched clubs?"

"Well—" I said awkwardly.

Mr. Hawley nodded.

"I know," he said. "And I don't blame you one bit. There's no point in being trapped into doing something you don't like just because a great many other people seem to—" The old man paused, and he gave me a sharp glance. "Do you really like public accountancy?"

"Well—" I said again, even more awkwardly. After all, my boss was standing at my elbow.

"That's what I thought," my boss's father-in-law said briskly. "Tomorrow morning when I get to the office, I'll make a couple of phone calls and see what I can do. Several of my clients, as you know, are in the publishing business," Mr. Hawley said. "Don't forget to remind me."

I didn't, and that disposed of my career as a public accountant. As to my career as a golfer, there has never been anything to dispose of. Since that day at Mr. Hawley's club I have never set foot on a golf course. So far as the great game and I are concerned, we reached, before it had a chance to begin, the end of the affair. (E.N.)

# RIDERS OF THE DEEP

**In submarines and other strange machines divers are expanding their world below**

The silent world into which thousands of divers have been slipping excitedly for the past 10 years is now humming with the soft throb of propellers. To travel further and more easily than they could ever hope to on flippered feet, sportsmen now strap on pedal-driven propellers or, in the tow of surface craft, literally soar through the water five miles an hour on undersea sleds. In small, two-man submarines, evolved from the midget subs which menaced shipping in World War II, divers can now cruise more than 25 miles without refueling. Figuring that the simplest

way to enjoy the vast world in which he had been prowling for 20 years would be to ride on a sting ray, Peter Stackpole, the LIFE photographer, this month perfected a mechanical sting ray. Using this new propeller-driven underwater wing (below), sportsmen will be able to dive and glide tirelessly three miles an hour. How do the fish react to this new underwater traffic? Diver Stackpole and other riders of the deep report that the fish generally yield the right of way, but beyond that not even the queerest fish pays much attention to these odd new creations in the sea.

**STEERING A PROPELLER-DRIVEN UNDERWATER WING, A DIVER GLIDES EFFORTLESSLY THROUGH THE WATERS OF FLORIDA'S SILVER SPRINGS**





**UNDERWATER WING** designed by Stackpole uses rechargeable one-hour batteries and, since riding is effortless, enables diver to go up to 10', farther on his air supply.



**SPORTSMAN'S SUBMARINE**, a two-man gas-powered version of the Italian midget subs which crippled or sunk a dozen ships during war, has cruising range of 2 1/2 miles.



**ON UNDERSEA SLED** towed by a surface boat two divers carren through the Gulf Stream. Since sleds are very maneuverable, divers find them ideal for tracking fish.

**TEST DIVING** Italian submarine for Healthways, its U.S. importer, a two-man crew slips through a jungle of kelp off Catalina Island, Calif.



# T.R.'S CABIN DOOR

Battered and weathered, the plain board door of Theodore Roosevelt's cabin in the Badlands of Dakota Territory in the '80s served as background for a painting

*Courtesy of the Western Museum Library, Harvard University*



T.R.'S CABIN OF COTTONWOOD LOGS, REFERRED TO IN HIS JOURNAL OF DAKOTA SA'S

FROM the rustic log cabin in the Dakota Badlands pictured above sallied forth one of America's greatest naturalists and sportsmen of the past century, Theodore Roosevelt, when he was bound on a hunt during his ranching days. October brings the anniversary of the birth of this man who hunted on our western prairies and the tundra of Alaska, from the African veldt to the jungles of South America, and whose enthusiasm for forest and wildlife resulted in protective legislation which preserved much of both for the sportsman of today.

T.R. captured the imagination and admiration of his fellow sportsmen and adventurers during his own lifetime to such a degree that one of the cabins he built and lived in on the Badlands of Dakota Territory was shown in an exhibition in Portland, Oregon in 1905. An admirer, a painter named Richard LaBarre Goodwin who was traveling in the West at the time, was so intrigued by the cabin's old, weather-beaten door that he persuaded the management to let him take it to his nearby hotel to use as a

background for a sporting still life (right). Obviously dedicated to "Teddy" and his legend, it shows an old muzzle-loading fowling piece, the Roosevelt soft hat and his dog whistle and a brace of freshly shot ducks against the mellow wood. It is painted in the precise and fastidious style known as *trompe l'oeil*, or "fool the eye," at which Goodwin excelled. At the time of the completion of the picture it was proposed that it be given to T.R. by the citizens of Oregon, but somehow the project petered out and the painting disappeared from public sight and interest. Only recently has it reappeared.

In the accumulation of snapshots of the Roosevelt saga taken during his years of travel and adventure, there are several of cabins he occupied while in the Dakotas. Because T.R. owned two ranches in that frontier land and was a restless and vigorous man who spent much of his time in the saddle, it is difficult to ascertain on which of the cabins the famous door hung. It is probably the one from the Elkhorn Ranch, built of cottonwood logs, which is shown here.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S CABIN DOOR" (right) by Richard LaBarre Goodwin is a splendid example of the popular 19th century *trompe l'oeil* technique of painting.







PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY WINOGRAND

## STRUGGLE FOR STRIPERS

Usually content to live on faith alone, the striped bass surfeaster who hasn't had a strike in years finds Montauk, L.I. a place where the miracle can happen

by EMMETT GOWEN



**DUSK-TO-DAWN FISHERMAN** Ray Prohaska of Amagansett, L.I., wearing rough-weather outfit and night light, coaxes an elusive 15-pounder close in and ready to gulf.

FOR 10 years, since moving away from Manhattan, I had nursed a nostalgia for but one thing about it—and that was somewhat removed. I had yearned to fish again at Long Island's Montauk Point, 126 miles from Times Square. On a crisp October afternoon my wife and I pulled into the parking lot there, switched off the engine and sat quietly in the delight of an old and beloved scene revisited. We marveled that nothing seemed to have changed.

Up over the dunes, like an angler's mystic vision, came a man in surf costume, carrying an exaggerated reality of a fish. He came down the slope from the lighthouse, which sits on the highest eminence. He carried the fish over his shoulder by a sash cord; its tail flapped on the concrete steps of the descent into the parking lot. A beggar gull stood with the people who watched with excitement. The fish would undoubtedly be the great one of the season for him.



**FAMILIAR LANDMARK** to Montauk surfmen is lighthouse under whose time-spaced beam they have for years fished day and night for hard-to-get stripers.

**NIGHT'S REWARD** for Author Emmett Gowin comes with excellent catch at 4 a.m., making the chilled-bone discomfort of a clammy wetsuit seem worthwhile.



## STRUGGLE FOR STRIPERS

continued from page 19

To the north on the horizon lay Connecticut and Rhode Island, eastward, Block Island—way stations of the "northern fish" which come across the sound. Montauk Point is the axis of the migrations.

At high tide late the next afternoon, which had become brilliant with sun, the strippers came in. They came on Jones's Reef, gulls working over fish swirls. The east wind had brought the fish, but it was a sunshiny gale which piped up such a surf it was impossible to wade far enough to reach them. The anglers watched the foaming crests fiercely, then went off casting doggedly at other places known and named as spots where fish are caught, when they are caught—North Bar, Scott's Hole, Under the Light, Turtle Cove, Brown's and the Cocoanuts.

In all the man-days fished that day, say a score of fellows fishing all day long, one fish was caught, a 25-pounder, under the light. The car campers were talking about it in the night, across which cut the flashes from the light-house's revolving lamp. A woman said:

"But how do you know? Some of them are so jealous they keep it a secret. They'll hold the fish down under water to string it, or if it's night they won't turn on the light but gaff the fish in the dark."

There was truth in the woman's voice, not just in what she said but in what was back of it. For more despair of ever being able to catch a single one, more hope, more thrill and more envy, even jealousy, are experienced in this fishing than in any other. A stripper surferman persists on faith, and faith does move a mountain of effort finally to success. Then, after all the strivings, when the accomplishment comes, the triumph is followed by anticlimax, a realization that a glorious game has been played, that now it is over and you have nothing but a fish. This feeling, too, is a wild one in a sport of great emotional range. However, no matter what the outcome, there is consolation. It is something just to be at Montauk Point, after the bathing and family picnic season, projected out to wild sea but still on land.

Late in the dark gray afternoon of the next day two oldtime Montauk stripper experts deliberately spaced themselves to take up the whole fishing place of Jones's Reef. That, too, was just like 10 years ago. To reach the fish they had to battle the waves to the absolute maximum of possibility,

the water to the tops of their waders. Waves crested to their shoulders and were kept out, partially, by the parka being belted down tightly and a towel around the neck to catch wet douglings. One had a fish on his stringer, and, while I watched, the other caught one. He began backing out, fighting it, his rod arching thrillingly.

### THE POWER OF FAITH

I struggled for footing against the blows of the waves and moved out to try to reach the school of fish. With cold water slipping into my waders, and crests slapping my face and going down the neck of my parka, I stood in line with the oldtimers. In the gloom of dusk the big waves were intimidating. One of the oldtimers quit and backed out. The other griped at me:

"You got to give me room," he said.

"Sure," I said politely and struggled a few feet further away from him.

"I'm just trying to be friendly," he said.

"Sure," I said, with affable intent, "so am I."

The hell we were. We were just trying to beat each other to the fish. I gave up when a wave violently lifted me 10 feet toward shore. The ocean had nudged me with warning.

My big moment came in Turtle Cove. Others achieved their win the same dawn, at the small beach near the Ditch Plains coast guard station. At 4 a.m. that night the wind was in the south. I lay in the sleeping bag, watching the light's flashes sweep around, thinking, "What's the use?"

They're too hard to catch, and besides the netters have thinned them down to a stray school or two." This feeling in striped bass surf fishing converts itself into a hopeful sign. I have never caught them until after I have despaired of ever catching even one. The thought moved me. At 4:30, in a clammy surf suit, I slogged in the dark toward the light, then climbed down an eroded place in the cliff to Turtle Cove, a semicircle of beach extending at one end to the rocks at the tip of Long Island, at the other to rocks under the antiaircraft guns.

Did a big fish jump in the surf, faintly seen in the flash as the light-house lamp turned overhead? But no, that was too close to shore. The sight and sound must have been caused by a wave catching light and slapping. I went on past, made a few casts and then began working back, casting out into the darkness every few steps. Where I had disbelieved my eyes, I had a strike, a hard one. This, in the dark, always has a shocking effect.

The fish could not make a hard run. I had it in the wash and could hold it there. I meant to have this fish. I let a wave wash the white form up on the sand, and then had a free hand to turn on my light. It would go 10 pounds. Then I got excited, for there was suddenly enough dawn to see the swirls, and there they were, the surf full of fish, just in the heave of the waves hardly more than a rod's length away. I made another short cast and instantly another fish took the plug. This one was bigger. I beached and strung a 15-pounder. It looked three feet long.

Now in the rising light I could see

continued on next page



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## STRUGGLE FOR STRIPERS

continued from page 51

them everywhere, right in the heave and far out, too, a great school swirling, wallowing and slopping. If I should work fast now, with no mistakes, I could surely strike into a great one.

I cast into the school and a third one hit and missed. I reeled and another hit, hard. The line went slack. I had made a wretched mistake, rigging my plug with wire leader. Now I slowly and reluctantly bethought it: the plug turns end over in a cast, hits the water with a kink in the wire; a fish hits and draws the kink up, the leader parts. That lost plug was a darter, my only one. I stood there casting other lures into the school, learning that they would take no plug other than that darter.

### THE FUTILE HOPE

A man in silhouette against the dawn light was working not 50 feet from where the fish were, not noticing them in the dim visibility. It was touching to see him so futilely casting so close to so many fish. The lighthouse bulked large above him. I called, and he came running.

"Holy smoke," he cried. "There's a million of them!"

"They won't take anything but a white darter," I told him, partly sympathetic, but mainly full of thrill at the wonder of this place in a cloudy dawn. The fish now seemed an incidental aspect, mere reason for being here.

"I've got a darter up in the car," he said piteously.

I left him there, forlornly proving to himself the point about the white darter. The fish moved out as the daylight rose, and there on the sand the man leaned into casts long, picturesque and futile, reaching after the departing fish. Now the trolling boats, with running lights still on, began to appear recklessly close to the rocks. They went back and forth through the school of fish without catching any.

I climbed the slope up to the car and awakened Claire to take my picture with the catch.

"You ought to shave first," she said. "You haven't shaved since we got here five days ago."

"Hell no, don't shave," said a burly voice from the next station wagon. "The most important part of the picture is your old gray beard, so people don't think you come out here and catch a striped bass right away like you would a flounder." (END)



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# FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

**50**—season opened (or opens), **5C**—season closed (or closes) **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or foamy; **M**—water muddy; **N**—water at normal height; **SH**—slightly high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling **WT50**—water temperature 50° **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair **FP**—fishing poor **OG**—outlook good **OF**—outlook poor

**PACIFIC SALMON:** CALIFORNIA: Salmon are fewer but heavier (to 25 pounds) at mouths of Klamath, Bel and Negro rivers. Trinity River and upper Sacramento runs still waiting for rain at press time. Drying outside Golden Gate apertures, but fair with night wind: **OP/F**.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Rivers still taking well in salt water off river mouths: **FG** at Campbell, Oyler and Qualicum, and **OG** through next week. Best silver taken in Cowichan derby was 20½-pounder by C. W. Cowles of Ladysmith, B.C.: **OG** through October.

**OREGON:** Recent rains have moved big runs into most coastal streams. Netpans, floats, Alsea and Siuslaw rivers **H, C** and **FG** for silvers on trebled lures and herring.

**WASHINGTON:** **FG** for big silvers throughout entire Hood Canal area on fast-trolled coho fry. Inner waters of Puget Sound generally spotty, but **FG** and **OG** on west side of Whidbey Island. Seven feeder kings to 19 pounds are being taken between Whidbey Island and Tacoma, but average weight is about 8 pounds and mackerel herring bait fish-gutters **FG** and **OG** at mouth of Skagit for silvers and humpies, with flasher-and-herring and fish both effective.

**BLUEFISH:** FLORIDA: Big runs still haven't shown in Miami area, despite occasional fast action, and **OG** on Gulf coast. Hies averaging 1 to 3 pounds are schooling just offshore and taking eat bait, plugs and feathered jugs; one angler caught 50 off gun mounts on Mullet Key at entrance to Tampa Bay: **OG/FG**.

**NEW JERSEY:** Last week's storm probably washed up offshore blue fishing for the season, but beach fishermen may find a few fish in the surf through November: **OP**.

**MUSKELLUNGE:** WISCONSIN: **SC** Oct. 31, but moonwise blue fishermen are taking advantage of the season's top musky fishing on offshore plugs, black bucktails and live suckers get results on most waters. Only big bag reported last week was 37-pounder from Big St. Germain Lake on black bucktail, but other fishermen hooked and lost. **OG** rest of season.

**PENNSYLVANIA:** Spy says anybody who can turn a plug has five chances for 10- or 12-pound musky at Cambridge Springs on French Creek or Tionesta on Allegheny River: **OG**.

**TROUT:** CALIFORNIA: Best bites in northern part of state on west slope of Sierra are Truckee River (best during early evening, with grey or cream wet flies), Butte Creek, most fork of the mid upper branch of Feather River. On east slope **FG** at June Lake loop, Grant Lake and Truck Creek (big hovers below Silver Lake).

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Vancouver Island and interior lakes are still producing but tapering off; coho salmon are now spawning in Adze River, but should move some big rainbows in at any time; otherwise **OF/G** and slowing down.

**MISSOURI:** **FF** at Bennett Springs, where flies and weedy worms are producing limits of trout, mostly under 10 inches: **OG**.

**ONTARIO:** Run of rainbows in streams flowing into Nettawagan Bay is heavier than usual, but fish are smaller than in previous years, with 7 pounds tops. The big rainbows are going up the Manitowish and Providence creeks on Manitowish Island, where **OG** until **SC** Nov. 3.

**IDaho:** Fine Indian summer revived troutling throughout central part of state last week, and Queen's and Roaring rivers (tribe of Middle Fork of Boise) were among hottest spots. **FG** in Stanley Basin and high lakes in Sawtooth, with bait and flies; dry evenings on the Malad River, where **FG** and **OG**; Snake River producing well at Thousand Springs and Missouri Rocks. General **SC** for trout Oct. 31.

**WASHINGTON:** **SC** Oct. 31 in most trout water but many lakes offer top fly fishing until then; good prospects are Pearcy, Knappton, American, Silver and Cushman lakes. **OP/F** generally for trout in eastern state.

**BLACK BASS:** FLORIDA: **FG** with topwater plugs and popping bugs at Lake Okechobee. Best bass reported last week was 14½-pounder from small lake at north edge of limits of Lake-lake on artificial red. **FG** at Lake Tarpon, near Tarpon Springs, five shiners taking 3-fish limits averaging 3 pounds: **OG** through October.

**CALIFORNIA:** Bass heading peak on lower Colorado River from Lake Mend to Havasu, with deep-running plugs outperforming bait. 7- and 8-pound largemouth not uncommon: **OVG**.

**TENNESSEE:** **FG** at South Holston Lake, now producing 3-pounders at fastest rate since lake opened. Cherokee and Norris lakes giving up bass to 6½ pounds on spinners and trebled jugs. London, Douglas, Center Hill and Dale Hollow spots say **FF** and should improve (but not for V. P. Madson of Sparta, who removed 10-pound largemouth from Center Hill Lake last week). Kentucky Lake **FG** and **OG**.

**LOUISIANA:** Bass in Black Lake (near Campt) fought white bucktail with small spinner grasshopper last week, and **OVG** for fish averaging 2 pounds.

**MISSISSIPPI:** On the Tulehatcheehuffa River, Walter Houston and Terry Ragaman agreed to wade in the spirit of fishing when they caught black bass, channel bass, sheepshead, weakfish, black drum, croaker and salt-water bream.

**MARLIN:** HAWAII: Kona say 300 **FG** to fish brought to dock last week weighed 207 pounds (Arr. Hall, Long Beach, Calif.), 199 pounds (R. B. Van, San Mateo, Calif.), 200 pounds (Dr. E. Dahlman, Hempstead, N.Y.).

**NORTH CAROLINA:** Sixth blue marlin of season landed off Hatteras last Saturday by Norfolk Denton J. C. Overlay first this season to weigh in at less than 300 pounds: **OG** into early November when weather permits going offshore.

**STEELHEAD TROUT:** OREGON: Fishing improving in Rogue River, with Gabe area your best bet and **OG** for fly- and spin-fishermen.

**HAIR:** **FG** on Selway River and Middle Fork of Salmon; hoped in mouth of Camas Creek and Tappan Falls; fish are 8-to-10-pounders.

**CALIFORNIA:** Terrible run of 6- and 8-pound steelheads in upper Sacramento River near Lake Molokini, and local experts are taking easy limits from riffles on bank: **OG**.

**CHANNEL BASS:** FLORIDA: Lots of redfish along central sections of both coasts, and worgals averaging 3 to 5 pounds on Gulf side from inlets and surf on west coast.

**VIRGINIA:** Unusual numbers of percarids in Chesapeake Bay interfering with channel bass fishing but **OG/FG** when they clear out.

**NORTH CAROLINA:** Channel bass is surf continue to float toward November peak and **OG**.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

9. David Brown 12-14; Kenneth J. May 22, 23; A. F. Lind 24-25; V. J. Jans 26-27; A. F. Lind 28-29; G. L. G. 30-31; Mark Kaplan, 32-33; Peter Steinhilber, 44, 45-46; Peter Steinhilber, 48; C. J. Harker, 49; L. E. G. 50; the Dearborn Research Collection in the Hornet Club Lodge, 51-52; Frank J. 54-55; 56-57; Ray B. 58; 59-60; 61; 62; 63; 64; 65; 66; 67; 68; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77; 78; 79; 80; 81; 82; 83; 84; 85; 86; 87; 88; 89; 90; 91; 92; 93; 94; 95; 96; 97; 98; 99; 100.

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CHAMPION DETROIT RED WINGS (WHITE JERSEYS) OPEN SEASON AGAINST THE REJUVENATED CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS IN MISTY DETROIT ARENA

## PREVIEW

# HERE COMES HOCKEY

A Canadian sport with speed, violence and fascination is starting another long stand. The National League has new faces but now Montreal is the team to heat

by WHITNEY TOWER

AT THE START of every hockey season there is a certain hopeful newness about the look of the National Hockey League. This year—as the six teams swept out to do battle in a campaign that would last over half a year and involve a total of 210 games—the look of the NHL was newer and brighter than ever. It has been customary during recent years to discover the strength of the league centered in three cities: Detroit, Montreal and Toronto. These “have” clubs had been taking it out unmercifully on the “have-nots” (Boston, New York and Chicago) with such classic regularity that it became plainly evident that a certain amount

of personnel reshuffling was required to preserve the structure of the circuit and bring some measure of contentment to a vast audience of American hockey lovers.

The most startling off-season moves were made by Detroit, which won the NHL title for the seventh successive time last spring, and by Chicago, which finished a gloomy last with only 13 victories over the 70-game grind. Jack Adams, general manager of the champion Red Wings, has never been known to stand pat with any team for very long. Now he has moved again, trading off all but nine members of the world champions. The departed ones

fortunately have wound up in the have-not cities—which, on paper at least, gives the league more well-proportioned strength. Chicago, in addition to gaining some fine players, has lured Coach Dick Irvin away from Montreal—where the Canadiens finally look ready, nonetheless, to end Detroit's long victory streak.

Coach and player changes have taken place on other clubs, too, but when the bruising season comes to a close next March 18 it will come as a distinct surprise to most hockey fans if the two traditionally strongest “have” teams, Montreal and Detroit, are not right back on top again.



**Montreal Canadiens.** The most colorful team in hockey, after virtually throwing away its championship chances when Maurice Richard spent the final week of the 1954-55 season under suspension, is back again completely intact and with a promise from the fiery Rocket that he'll try to curb his temper. Happily for rookie Coach Hector (Toe) Blake, the Rocket is only one of many stars on the club. Boom Boom Geoffrion and Jean Beliveau approached the 40-goal mark a year ago. If oldtimers Moulden, Curry and Bouchard slow down a bit, Blake can expect improvement from such eager young skaters as Gamble, St. Laurent, Marshall, Moore and a rookie named Henri (The Pocket Rocket) Richard—Maurice's younger brother. Goalie Jacques Plante rang up consecutive shutouts in his first two games.

**Detroit Red Wings.** Although he has already been criticized for overplaying a usually successful trading hand, General Manager Jack Adams insists the Wings will be stronger than ever. He has two reasons: still on hand and going strong is a four-man star nucleus of Gordie Howe, Ted Lindsay, Red Kelly and Marty Pavelich; and both Adams and Coach Jim Skinner believe the infusion of new blood to a championship squad is the best preventive for general complacency. Key man in the trades—which leave Detroit with nine holdovers, five transfers and five rookies—was Goalie Terry Sawchuk, who went to Boston. His replacement is Rookie Glenn Hall, up from Edmonton. The Red Wings lost all three opening-week games, but they have the sort of class which usually tells.

**Boston Bruins.** In the opinion of Bruin General Manager Lynn Patrick, "getting Sawchuk (All-Star goalie from Detroit) means the difference between fighting for fourth place and being a contender for the championship." Not many people are as optimistic as Patrick, but even Coach Milt Schmidt, who has finally hung up his skates, says: "Sawchuk should be the difference between 10 games won or lost." In addition to his new goalie, Schmidt has received from Detroit Forwards Vic Stasiuk and Marcel Bonin, but the price Boston paid was to part with such regulars as Cheevers, Sandford, Godfrey and Corcoran. Gus Bodnar has retired, but the Bruins have obtained a good rookie in Left Winger Orville Tessier from the Montreal farm system. If the forwards find the scoring range in support of Sawchuk, the Bruins could move up.

*continued on next page*



**MONTREAL** scoring punch was the most powerful (228 goals) in the NHL last season, and 113 of those goals were fired by the three brilliant skaters above: Jean Beliveau, Boom Boom Geoffrion and Maurice Richard. Although Geoffrion will be on the injured list for another week or so, this threesome could well lead scoring procession again.



**DETROIT** teams in recent years have been teams of many stars. But the greatest of them all, as well as one of the all-time right wingers, is Gordie Howe, an effortless skater of skillful grace and tremendous power. Howe, who is pictured above with Detroit Coach Jim Skinner, was fifth in scoring last year, topped the list in the Stanley Cup playoffs.



**BOSTON** may be the league's surprise team. Coach Milt Schmidt (left), once a member of the Bruins' famed Krait Line, has a hopeful look in his eye, largely because Boston acquired the great goalie Terry Sawchuk (right) from Detroit. In five years as a Red Wing regular Sawchuk rang up 63 shutouts, always boasted low goals-against average.



**TORONTO**, despite the cheerful smile on the face of Coach **King Clancy** (right), will have little to cheer about this season unless a bunch of very young rookies catch on almost immediately. Clancy's brightest star, and team captain, is Left Winger **Sid Smith** (left), who operates on the port side the way Howe, Richard do on the starboard.



**CHICAGO** has a reshuffled lineup of veterans from last year's cellar team, some newcomers out of an off-season trade with Detroit and a few rookies. To make the team click, the Black Hawks have hired the league's oldest coach, **Dick Irvin** (left), from Montreal. But Chicago's fortunes may ride with those of Goalie **Al Rollins** (right).



**NEW YORK**, which has finished last or next to last for 11 of the past 18 seasons, loses its hopes for major improvement on outstanding performances by a handful of experienced men, a 30-goal year by shifty little Winger **Wally Hergesheimer** (left) and some fighting inspiration from former Ranger Center **Phil Watson** (right), the new coach.

## HOCKEY PREVIEW

*continued from page 55*

**Toronto Maple Leafs.** General Manager Hap Day has given his team the new slogan "Guts, Goals and Glamour" but neglected to toss in what was needed most: a player to fill the shoes of Captain Ted Kennedy, one of the great centers of the decade. With Kennedy retired, Day is more or less forced into the big gamble of relying heavily on kids up from the farm system. Two established All-Stars, Winger Sid Smith and Goalie Harry Lumley, will have to carry a tremendous load, and such experienced players as Armstrong, Stewart, Sloan and Morrison will have to improve if the Leafs hope to make the playoffs. Of the newcomers, much is expected from rookie Center Billy Harris. But if he and the other youngsters don't come through, there'll be many a sad winter night in Toronto.

**Chicago Black Hawks.** Some \$400,000 has been spent in two years to give Chicago a contending hockey team. Some of the money is going into the pocket of canny 63-year-old Coach Dick Irvin, who in 26 years as a NHL coach has failed only once to put his team in the playoffs. Irvin has inherited some good hockey players, such as Rollins, Sullivan, Watson, Stanley and Litszenberger. In a trade with Detroit he has acquired Benny Wolt, Tony Leswick, Glen Skov and Johnny Wilson, and from the juniors he has promoted a highly promising center named Hank Ciesla. This clearly is no overpowering hockey team, yet it has won two of the first three games. It will win many more, too, for the simple reason that Dick Irvin may be the best coach in the business.

**New York Rangers.** A team of great disappointment to loyal fans for so long, the Rangers can only hope to move in one direction: up. They too have a rookie coach in Phil Watson, and four new faces: Bronco Horvath, Dave Creighton, Guy Gendron and Andy Hebenton. Three of the newcomers were big scorers in the minors, but too many recent Ranger imports from the minors have unhappily discovered that New York actually does play in the big time. Back in action is star Winger Wally Hergesheimer, and Coach Watson learned in New York's first two games (which the Rangers won on foreign ice) that he may get some useful mileage and marksmanship from Ron Murphy and Andy Bathgate. Gump Worsley is back in goal. The Rangers could surprise, for when they are hot they can be very hot. (END)

## THE OHIO STATE STORY

continued from page 23

be said pass. You couldn't call the right play." Halfback Doug Goodsell added: "I'd rather be playing jayvee ball. How would you like it, with 82,000 fans screaming at you while you were on the field and the Bull [Hayes] ranting and raving at you when you came off it?"

### "GOODBY WOODY"

After archrival Michigan clipped the Bucks 7-0, "Goodby Woody" banners were flying over Columbus, and several members of the wolf pack were talking about raising \$25,000 to buy up Hayes's contract. One wolf kept calling the Hayes home at 4 a.m. every day. Mrs. Hayes would answer the phone. "I just called up to say good-bye," he'd say. "We're not going anywhere," she'd reply. "Oh, yes, you are," the wolf would persist.

The next season didn't start off much better. In the dressing room between the halves of one game, a halfback reportedly took a sock at Hayes, missed him and crashed his fist into his own locker. Maybe it was then that Hayes began to see the light. At any rate, he calmed down. Wins over Illinois and Michigan at the end of the season saved his job, giving him a record of six wins and three losses.

But in '53 the clock was set back, even though OSU's overall record was the same. The team suffered from fumbleitis, a malady that drives Hayes out of his mind ("It's just plain carelessness," he insists. "It's antisocial"). One practice episode nearly proved disastrous. Freshman Fullback Don Vicie had been making steady gains through the varsity line. As he ripped off a large one, a vicious tackle made him drop the ball.

In front of Larkins and several businessmen who happened to be watching, Hayes blew his top. "Get out of there, Vicie," he stormed. "We don't stand for fumbling on our team. Get out and stay out until you learn how to hold the ball." Vicie tried to stammer a reply but Hayes raged on and finally, reddening, the kid tore off his helmet and tossed it in Hayes's direction as he headed for the sidelines. Later Hayes saw him stretched on the ground and renewed the attack. "Get up, Vicie," he yelled. "Who told you to be down?" Vicie was ready to quit OSU that night, but Assistant Coach Ernie Godfrey, who tries to maintain a homey, family atmosphere not unlike that of his famous radio and TV

namesake, intervened. Vicie had dinner at Hayes's home, where things were patched up. Today Vicie is OSU's best fullback.

At the end of '53, in losing to Michigan 20-0, OSU played miserably and it looked as if Hayes was through. But Larkins and others rallied to Hayes's defense. Larkins won't admit it, but he started Woody on the road back by talking to him like a Dutch uncle about temper tantrums and sideline gymnastics (Hayes still pants and passes in pantomime), and by arranging for Lyl Clark, one of the finest defensive line coaches in the country, to return to OSU (he had been there from 1947 to 1950 but had gone to



**UNWORRIED TRIO** in preseason photo are Hayes, his wife, Ohio's Gov. Lausche.

Minnesota with Wes Fesler, Woody's predecessor).

For the first time in his life, Hayes began delegating authority, not only to Clark but also to others on his staff. With his customary candor, Hayes is the first to admit his faults. "I never worked under a big-time coach, so I naturally grew accustomed to doing everything myself," he says. "It's taken me a long time to learn, and I've still got a long way to go. But I'm getting there."

As an offensive specialist in a rushing game—he uses 14 basic ground plays—Hayes's delegation of authority to defensive experts is especially important. The difference in technique was apparent to the naked eye in '54, as it has been this season when, except for Cassady, who is one of Hayes's strongest admirers, OSU lacks not only depth but concomitant talent. Cassady, an All-America star in anyone's book, calls Hayes "the best coach in the

world," but there are few others on the squad who would yet rate him on a par with Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma or Ivy Williamson of Wisconsin as a player's pal.

Hayes is still criticized for working his men too hard—the 6-0 loss to Stanford, in the second game of this season, was attributed to overwork—and the self-styled quarterback in town figure he conducts far too many meetings and tends to leave his game at the blackboard. "He underestimates the intelligence of the boys," says one. "His intensity doesn't allow him to get a good grasp of the problem."

His dedication to football to the exclusion of anything else has made Hayes a lonely man. He has no more than half a dozen close friends and he doesn't see them very often. It is one of his contradictions that he can charm an audience at a banquet but is a bad social mixer. "He hasn't got time for both friends and football," says one of those who knows him well. "But if you are his friend, he'll do anything for you, and so will you for him."

Hayes's wife is a football widow—he calls her his "buffer" or "blocking back"—and his son Steve, now 11, is virtually fatherless. Away all day during preseason practice sessions—he even moves into the dorms with his players—Hayes will spend every Saturday night during the season in his office, studying the films of the day's game. On Sunday, with the whole coaching staff attending, there's a re-run of the movies, and Monday starts the next week's grind.

With his fat season behind him, Hayes is a more relaxed man today, even though the wolves are still around and the old compulsions remain. But instead of being defensive, Woody these days is more like an absent-minded professor.

When a visitor spoke with him two weeks ago, Hayes was in a fine mood. He had just come from a luncheon of the Agonis Club, another of the countless quarterback groups, where prayers for President Eisenhower's quick recovery were blended with prayers for an OSU victory the next day over Illinois. It was raining, and Hayes had already decided that his team was fit and ready—which it proved to be the next afternoon. Strolling to his dressing room, he stripped down to his shorts and undershirt, talking volubly.

Suddenly he stopped and, with a sheepish grin, scratched his head. "What the hell am I getting undressed for?" he said. "There's no practice today." (END)

## THE BUCKING BRONCO: RODEO'S MAGNIFICENT MISFIT

*continued from page 19*

giving him too much slack. Either way, chances are he'll fling his man skyward and score one for the happy producer.

Rodeo lore is full of strange equine split-personality cases, like somebody's old Dobbin who ended up in the arena because of kids cracking nuts on the saddle horn on the way to school. Yet anybody could still ride him bareback any time. There reportedly have been broncos who could be ridden around the alleys at the rodeo grounds the morning before a performance and bucked in the afternoon.

In the view of Shirley Hussey, chute boss for the Cremer Rodeo Co., and one of the most skilled hands in the business with these temperamental animals, it doesn't take meanness to buck well, merely what he calls "a determined disposition." Although perhaps half the horses in an average bucking string will bite and strike, and all are a bit touchy around the hindquarters, Hussey has known more gentle horses that bucked greatly than vicious ones; perhaps, he thinks, because they don't waste energy on side issues. One of the great buckers of the past two decades was a big, even-tempered black named Home Brew, who was featured for many years by Everett Colborn. Hussey was riding broncos at the time and went to New York with the horse every fall. Home Brew was pitching the best

of them into the tankard so regularly that he was saved for the last horse out at Madison Square Garden whenever he was on the program. Yet when Hussey had all the saddle broncs lined up in the chutes waiting for his turn, he would swing open the inner gate and drop down on the big fellow's back, to sit comfortably until time for the bronc riding to begin.

"He never hurt anybody," Hussey says fondly. "If he bucked a guy off over his head he'd land short on the next jump to keep from stepping on him."

Hussey, also one of the great bronco scouts in the business, grew up with horses on his father's ranch in eastern Washington. For five summers, 1946 through 1950, he went scouting for good bucking horses in northern Alberta. He and his wife, Nora, visited farms and ranches, tracking down every report of a horse that was throwing the local cowboys. Once they came upon three big buckskin geldings later known to fame as Gold Pheasant, Gold Nugget and Vitals—all said to have been sired by a Shetland pony stallion out of Clydesdale mares! Gold Pheasant, after five years, is still star of the Cremer string.

Hussey's favorite hunting ground was the Red Deer River country, where cattle, cowboys and small rodeos flourished. The discovery of a star bucking

horse in this remote country one summer is typical of the flukes of such talent scouting. A cowboy who acted as local liaison for Hussey mentioned one day: "My daddy-in-law's got an old fat horse he thinks can buck."

They drove out to the farm to have a look. After having pulled a plow for seven or eight years, the horse was smothered at the age of 11, and the pet of the farmer's wife who kept referring to him as "dear old Roy." At first, the horse looked unimpressive, but then Hussey saw what he was looking for in the big, ugly head and that indescribable glint in the eye—"I can't tell you what it is, but I could show you." So he bought him, and "dear old Roy," rechristened Fiddieface, became one of Cremer's most formidable horses. He's still going strong despite old age and partial blindness.

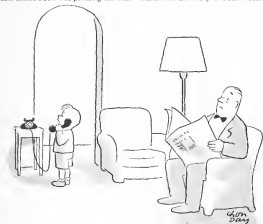
### NEXT YEAR'S BRONCOS

The big problem for everybody in the rodeo business is next year's broncos, for all over the West, work horses, good or bad, are disappearing. By the tens of thousands a year they are swallowed up by the dog-meat canneries which claim all old and unwanted horses today. The story is told by the statistics of the annual bucking-horse sale in Miles City, Montana: 1,272 head of bucking-horse prospects were put up for auction in 1951; 824 head in 1952; 449 in 1953; 266 in 1954. This year only 258 "collector's items" appeared, but the Cremer firm offered an additional 150 bred specifically as buckers.

Ten years ago a producer could start from scratch and build his own bucking string if he knew where to find them. Today he has to buy someone else out. As for the future, it depends on which producer you're talking to. The Christensen brothers, for example, are content as long as Oregon ranchers and Indians can furnish them with a supply of potential Miss Klamaths. The gloomier Hussey feels that modern mass civilization and the bucking horse aren't going to mix, as economic pressure remorselessly shrinks his breeding grounds.

The Cremer experiment indicates there may be some hope in raising them. The hereditary factor is well established. Miss Klamath, for instance, has a daughter who is almost as good—had, that is—as she.

Whatever the solution, it's a safe bet that as long as rodeo needs bucking horses there will be bucking horses from somewhere, somehow. (ENR)



"... and a deuce on Flyaway in the sixth."



A DAY'S SPORT IN WEBSTER, SAKOTA TERRITORY, 1881, PRODUCED THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF UNRESTRAINED MASSACRE OF A VARIETY OF BIRDS

## **YESTERDAY**

# **SLAUGHTER UNLIMITED**

Wanton killing forced enactment of strict laws to prevent extermination of game birds



BLAST FROM SWIVEL GUN MOUNTED ON BOAT KILLED 10,000 DUCKS

IN THE last century, when Americans cherished the delusion that their wildlife resources were inexhaustible, sportsmen shot so many ducks that they didn't bother to count their daily bag of mallards, redheads and canvasbacks except by the wagonload. After a day's orgy hundreds of dead birds often rotted in the sun, but their loss was of little concern to the hunter. An estimated 15,000 birds per day were killed on Chesapeake Bay alone in the 1870s by professional market hunters in deadly cannon-equipped boats (left). The wild geese, most highly prized bird in the Dakota Territory during the 1880s, was shot from pits dug in newly harvested wheat fields where the geese (mostly Canadas) came to feed. Each gunner, peering from his pit surrounded by tin decoys, brought down so many geese with his 8- or 10-gauge shotgun that he barely had time to leave his pit between shots and collect the fallen birds. In 1878 Iowa, seeking to control this senseless slaughter, became the first state to fix a bag limit on game. Today federal law protects migratory waterfowl.

# COMING EVENTS

TV • NETWORK RADIO ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

October 21 through October 30

## FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21

- Boxing**
- Sal Turner vs. Isaac Logart, welterweights, Mad.
  - S. Gaden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC).
  - U.S. vs. Ireland, Dublin

**Field Trial**  
Grand National Grouse Trial, Pharsalia, N.Y.

- Football**  
Detroit vs. Oklahoma A&M, Detroit (N).
- Miami vs. TCU, Miami, Fla., 8:15 p.m. (Mutual).
  - UCLA vs. Iowa, Los Angeles (N).

**Steeplechase Racing**  
Temple Gwathmey Memorial Handicap, \$50,000, about 215 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Belmont Park, N.Y.

## SAUNDAY, OCTOBER 22

**Baseball**  
Pro rookie All-Stars vs. Syracuse, Syracuse.

**Football**  
(Leading college games)

- EAST**
- Army vs. Columbia, West Point, N.Y.
  - Boston College vs. Marquette, Boston.
  - Cornell vs. Princeton, Ithaca, N.Y., 1:45 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC)\*. Men to watch: Cornell's Dick Jackson (46) & Princeton's Sal Pincus (36).
  - Dartmouth vs. Harvard, Hanover, N.H., 2 p.m. E.D.T. (CBS)\*. Men to watch: Dartmouth's Bill Beagle (15) & Harvard's Matt Bosford (40).
  - Holy Cross vs. Boston U., Worcester, Mass.
  - Penn vs. Navy, Philadelphia.
  - Syracuse vs. Maryland, Syracuse, N.Y.
  - W. Virginia vs. Penn State, Morgantown, W.Va.
  - Yale vs. Colgate, New Haven, Conn.

**SOUTH & SOUTHWEST**

- Duke vs. Miami, Durham, N.C., 2:15 p.m. (ABC).
- Kentucky vs. Florida, Lexington, Ky. (N).
- Mississippi vs. Arkansas, University, Miss.
- Texas vs. Rice, Austin, Texas.
- Texas A&M vs. Baylor, College Station, Texas, 2 p.m. C.S.T.\*. Men to watch: Aggers' John Crow (44) & Baylor's Ed Stohrer (27).

**WEST**

- Kansas vs. SMU, Lawrence, Kan.
- Michigan State vs. Illinois, E. Lansing, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Michigan, Minneapolis, 1:30 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS)\*. Men to watch: Minnesota's Ken Bombardier (27) & Michigan's Terry Barr (41).
- Missouri vs. Nebraska, Columbia, Mo.
- Northwestern vs. Indiana, Evanston, Ill.
- Dakota vs. Colorado, Norman, Okla.
- Purdue vs. Notre Dame, Lafayette, Ind., 3:15 p.m. (Mutual).
- Wisconsin vs. Ohio State, Madison, Wis.

**FAK WEST**

- California vs. S. California, Berkeley, Calif., 2 p.m. P.S.T. (CBS)\*. Men to watch: Cal's John Wilson (44) & Southern Cal's Joe Arnett (26).
- Oregon State vs. Wash. State, Corvallis, Ore.
- Washington vs. Stanford, Seattle.

**Golf**  
U.S. Ryder Cup team vs. U.S. challenge team, Midland, Texas (also Oct. 22).

**Hockey**  
Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit.  
Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal.  
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

**Horse Racing**  
Vineyard Handicap, \$40,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, 16m., Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.

- Interborough Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC).
- Mayflower Stakes, \$25,000, 1 m. 70 yds., 2-yr.-olds, Suffolk Downs, E. Boston, Mass.
- Breeders' Futurity, \$20,000, 7 f., 2-yr.-olds, Keeneland, Lexington.
- Ards King Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-olds, Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.

**Horse Show**  
Pennsylvania Natl. Horse Show, Harrisburg, Pa.

**Hunt Racing**  
Monmouth Co. Hunt Racing Assn., Red Bank, N.J.

**Motorboating**  
Unlimited hydroplane regatta, Madison, Ind. (also Oct. 23).

**Olympic Games**  
National Olympic Day.

## SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23

**Auto Racing**  
NASCAR 100 m. race, N. Wilkesboro, N.C.

**Basketball**  
Pro rookie All-Stars vs. Boston, Boston.

- Football**
- Baltimore vs. Washington, Baltimore, 2:05 p.m.\*
  - Chicago Cards vs. Philadelphia, Chicago, 1 p.m. C.D.T. (ABC)\*
  - Cleveland vs. Green Bay, Cleveland, 2:05 p.m.\*
  - Los Angeles vs. Detroit, Los Angeles, 2 p.m.\*
  - P.S.T. (ABC-TV)\*. Mutual-radio\*
  - New York vs. Pittsburgh, New York, 2:05 p.m. E.D.T.\*
  - San Francisco vs. Chicago Bears, San Francisco, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.

**Hockey**  
New York vs. Chicago, New York.

**Motorboating**  
F. Class racing runabout outboard AFBA championship, Sausalito, Calif.

## MONDAY, OCTOBER 24

**Boxing**  
● Hosone Kihiti vs. Ludwig Lightburn, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (Du Mont)

**Golf**  
North & South Seniors' tournament, Pinehurst, N.C. (until Oct. 25).

## TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25

**Boxing**  
U.S. vs. England, London.

**Field Hockey**  
U.S. vs. England (women), London.

**Hockey**  
Chicago vs. Boston, St. Louis.

## WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26

**Boxing**  
● Boardwalk Billy Smith vs. John Holman, heavyweights, Miami, Fla. (10 rds.), (ABC-TV-9 p.m.; radio-9:15 p.m.)

**Hockey**  
New York vs. Detroit, New York.  
Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto.

**Horse Racing**  
Tanneke Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds, Suffolk Downs, E. Boston, Mass.

- Quaker City Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.

## THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27

**Hockey**  
Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal.

## FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28

**Boxing**  
Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson vs. Jimmy Slade, heavyweights, Cleveland (10 rds.)

- Lulu Perez vs. Johnny Gonzales, lightweights, Mad. St. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC).

## Rodeo

Grand Natl. Rodeo & Horse Show, San Francisco (until Nov. 6).

## SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29

**Football**  
(Leading college games)

**EAST**

- Army vs. Colgate, West Point, N.Y.
- Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Holy Cross vs. Syracuse, Worcester, Mass.
- Maryland vs. South Carolina, College Park, Md.
- Penn. vs. Penn State, Philadelphia.
- Pitt vs. Miami (Fla.), Pittsburgh.
- Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, Conn.

**SOUTH & SOUTHWEST**

- Arkansas vs. Texas A&M, Fayetteville, Ark.
- Baylor vs. TCU, Waco, Texas.
- Georgia Tech vs. Duke, Atlanta, Ga.
- Kentucky vs. Rice, Lexington, Ky.
- LSU vs. Mississippi, Baton Rouge, La. (N).
- SMU vs. Texas, Dallas, Texas.

**WEST**

- Illinois vs. Purdue, Champaign, Ill.
- Kansas St. vs. Oklahoma, Manhattan, Kan.
- Marquette vs. W. Virginia, Milwaukee.
- Michigan vs. Iowa, Ann Arbor, Mich., 1:15 p.m. C.D.T. (NBC-color). Men to watch: Michigan's Terry Barr (41) & Iowa's Eddie Vincent (41).
- Minnesota vs. S. California, Minneapolis, 1:15 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC).
- Notre Dame vs. Navy, South Bend, Ind.
- Ohio State vs. Northwestern, Columbus, Ohio, 1:45 p.m. (Mutual).
- Xavier vs. Boston College, Cincinnati.

**FAR WEST**

- Colorado vs. Missouri, Boulder, Colo.
- UCLA vs. California, Los Angeles.
- Washington vs. Oregon State, Seattle.

**(Professionals)**

- Baltimore vs. Green Bay, Baltimore, 7:30 p.m. (Mutual).

## Horse Racing

- The Garden State, \$20,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr. olds, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J., 4:30 p.m. E.D.T. (CBS).
- Frazette Stakes, \$50,000, 1 3/16 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC).
- William P. Ryan Handicap, \$100,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr. olds up, Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.
- Turf Cup Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/8 m. (flat), 3-yr.-olds up, Laurel, Md.

**Hockey**  
Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.  
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.  
New York vs. Boston, New York.

**Hunt Racing**  
Virginia Fall Race Meeting, Middleburg, Va.

## SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30

**Auto Racing**  
NASCAR 100-m. race, Charlotte, N.C.

**Basketball**  
Pro rookie All-Stars vs. New York, New York.

**Football**

- Chicago Cards vs. Cleveland, Chicago, 1 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC)\*
- San Francisco vs. Detroit, San Francisco, 2 p.m. P.S.T.\* (Mutual radio)
- Los Angeles vs. Chicago Bears, Los Angeles, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.\*
- Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, 2:05 p.m. E.D.T.\*
- New York vs. Washington, New York, 2:05 p.m. E.D.T.\*

**Hockey**  
Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit.

\*See local listing

PLEASE RESOLVE  
Sirs:

Your article *Upland Game Birds* in the Oct. 10 issue was the most interesting and comprehensive coverage given this subject by any magazine to date.

However, this has brought forth an argument among some of my fellow hunters and myself, and we would like your verdict.

In brief, the question is this: Does the length of a shotgun barrel determine the density of the pattern or the range of the shot? I contend that two shotguns bored with the same choke, having the same gauge, loaded with identical shells but with barrels of different length, will fire the same pattern at the same distance.

JACK R. CLAGHORN

Dundee, Ill.

● Mr. Claghorn is right. The length of the barrel affects the velocity of the shot but not the pattern. The pattern is controlled by the choke.—ED.

## THE BIG BLUES

Sirs:

Regarding *Upland Game Birds*, why limit the range of the foot hen to the Rocky Mountains south of Montana? They are very plentiful here and provide easy game for the inexperienced and lazy car hunters.

But for top sport, why not mention the true dusky grouse (*Dendrocygus obscurus*) also blue, Richardson's or Flemming's? This big, elusive bird flushes well from its feeding grounds on high alpine meadows, providing an endless variety of wing shooting. They are by no means rare birds and their range covers most of the Rocky Mountains. Their size too makes them a desirable table bird. A mature male measures some 20 inches and weighs well over five pounds. From a sportsman's viewpoint the foot hen (*Canachites canadensis*), also spruce or dusky, is not in the same league with the big blues.

L. A. MINSOHN

Whitefish, Mont.

● SI was reporting on the dusky grouse. Mr. Muldown apparently believes that only *Canachites canadensis* (spruce grouse) are popularly known as foot hen, but both subspecies of *Dendrocygus obscurus* (dusky grouse) share this common name.—ED.

## CHUKAR VARIETIES

Sirs:

I was interested in Artist Menaboni's conception of the chukar partridge as compared to those we raise. They are identical, except that the white bib is not as deep on our chukars. I know that there are variations of this partridge and would be interested in knowing the difference. Your article, *Upland Game Birds*, was informative, the illustrations beautiful.

JOHN T. LOVE JR.

Royal Oak, Md.

● Specimens of chukar partridges have been imported from every part of their

native habitat, which ranges from Turkey to India to China. Slight differences of marking and coloration can therefore be found on chukar partridges in this country, depending on their descent from original stock.—ED.

## THE HIGH COST OF PATTERGE

Sirs:

I feel it my privilege to enter objections against your October 10 MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHERS in which our friend Harry Phillips implied that the average cost to the hunter is over \$16.50 for the pleasure and satisfaction of being home one measly little patterge (the proper pronunciation in Tennessee, but often miscalled partridge by others).

Naturally I tore out the page before taking the magazine home as it would be misleading, irregular and not veridical in the hands of any wife.

Don't we have enough trouble convincing our better halves on the economy of adding to our larder through our own efforts, without having such assertions brought to them in print?

Spring after spring I rally heavily forth (after the usual home discussions), risking health and limbs in my endeavor toward lowering the cost of living by supplying our table with the Friday menu, and, I wish to state in all pardonable pride: I supply it. I also feel I should be permitted to point with pride to my outstanding accomplishment for the past six months with only one forage per week. To wit—14 catfish, total 26 pounds, and at least a couple of dozen crappie averaging around a half pound each. So with a little arithmetic one finds I brought home 50 pounds of fish during only one season or approximately two pounds per forage.

The cost? A mere bagatelle: a new outboard motor, \$300 difference; about three dozen plugs, \$1.25 each; two rods and reels at \$40.00 per; and in the neighborhood of \$25.00 worth of assorted live bait. I have not included numerous incidentals as I am positive they would not add up to over \$100, or the boat purchased last year for a paltry \$500 and the boathouse for a mere \$300 as I realize these last named items will be good for at least another year.

You can readily see why I object so strenuously when you come out with articles that may offer additional material for argument offered by my spouse.

W. H. WISNOR

Lake City, Tenn.

## THE DINNER TABLE

Sirs:

*Upland Game Birds* was a fine presentation. I especially liked Mr. Menaboni's beautiful illustrations. However, as a true dinner-table sportsman I wish that Mr. Botsford had been given more space for his recipes. I would have added, for the benefit of gunners serious enough to go out several times a week, a recipe combining several game birds to get more variety into the menu. Game bird pies are delicious, especially when pheasant or grouse is combined with small cubes of veal, beef and cipollata sausage and vegetables.

LEE CASSEL

Manhasset, N.Y.

● Harry Botsford, agreeing with Mrs. Casnel that game pies are indeed delicious, offers this southern recipe for dove pie:

Make a rich biscuit dough, using cream in the mixing. Roll thin, spread

*continued on next page*



"You better not lose this one!"

with soft butter, fold and roll enough for bottom crust with which baking pan is lined. Top crust should be slightly thicker. For filling use dove breasts only. Simmer them in slightly salted water until they are tender. Remove skin and bones, cut meat into large dice. To the liquid in which the breasts cooked, add six tablespoons of small fresh peas, one tablespoon of diced celery, one small can of mushroom tops. Add enough scalded cream to give you sufficient fluid to cover the meat, season to taste, boil briskly for five minutes, thicken slightly with flour mixed with one half cup of cold water. Add meat to bottom crust, dot with butter and cover with mace. Cover with top crust, slit for the escape of steam, and crimp edges. Bake in 350° oven until crust is delicately brown. Let stand for five minutes before bringing to the dinner table.—ED.

## SPORTING BLOODS

Sirs:

Your October 10 issue is out of this world: Roundup of the week's news, EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, World Series write-up, *Up-land Game Birds* and a grouse shoot in Scotland. Anybody who has sporting blood should like this issue as much as we did.

H. D. ARMSTRONG

Hatchinson, Kans.

## ADD MARCIANO VS. THESE

Sirs:

I was hoping to read more in succeeding issues of SI about Morris Sigel's offer to match Marciano against Lou Thesz, the wrestler. Many people were to be interested in this, including myself. Has Sigel had any luck so far?

L. MALONE

New York

● Houston promoter Sigel, "willing and able to up a \$25,000 winner-take-all purse at a moment's notice," has Thesz standing by but no word from Marciano's manager.—ED.

## MY CHOICE

Sirs:

My choice would be Lou Thesz.

BILL CAYLEY

Rochester, N.Y.

## TWO-BIT ADVICE

Sirs:

To give you my two-bits' I don't think Rocky would have a chance. I only hope Lou spares his life.

D. HARRISON

New York

## SPORTSMEN VS. SHOWMAN

Sirs:

If it were wrestling as in the day of Zhyzsko and London, it would be a match between two real sportsmen, but between Rocky Marciano and Lou Thesz it would be between the sportsman Rocky and gaudy showman Thesz.

JIM ZWISLOCK

San Jose, Calif.

## THE BEST OFFENSE

Sirs:

It has been proven time and again that in such a contest the fighter has the edge. Some time ago Gene Tunney was quoted as saying: "When I visited Tokyo, I witnessed some Jujitsu matches, and the best defense against these birds is a stiff right to the jaw."

I am all for SI and Jimmy Jemall's promoting such a contest.

RICHARD S. DONOVAN

New York

## ARCHIE PROVES HIS GRATEFULNESS

Sirs:

The piece *A Champion Proves His Gratitude* (SI, Oct. 3) was nice. Please accept my thanks for the good you have done for boxing.

ARCHIE MOORE

San Diego, Calif.

## THE MOST

Sirs:

I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the many well-written articles in SI. The one article that has moved me to pick up pen and write is my congratulations to Budd Schulberg's *A Champion Proves His Gratitude*. Like Paul O'Neil's account of the Vancouver Mile, it should be picked as one of the year's outstanding sports stories.

WILLIAM FOX

Perry, Iowa

## FRONTIERS OF SCIENCE

Sirs:

Your coverage of the Marciano-Moore fight by Budd Schulberg was interesting. He is a great fiction writer and his handling of this fight proved it. He held the attention all the way, but as a longtime student of boxing I differ with him on some points.

Budd says, "But to boxing's science we may now add the Marciano law of saturation. You may get away from nine punches, but the 10th will break through and find you." Now there is nothing new about this "law." Long ago the first thing I learned about boxing was that no matter how adept I became at slipping and blocking punches I could not expect to stand in one place without hitting back and repeatedly block, weave and duck without getting hit.

I do not understand why Moore elected to stand in one spot, ducking and weaving, when he could have returned the fire and upset Marciano's attack by knocking him off balance.

The first rule of boxing science is to hit without being hit. That means that an important part of defense is offense.

WILLIAM LEECH

Ardmore, Pa.

● Moore was hopeful of letting Marciano tire himself by flailing away. After the fight Archie said to an SI reporter: "You know, a man will expend more energy missing than landing. He [Marciano] was arm weary. I don't think he could have brought his arms up after that ninth round . . . If I had only lasted."—ED.

## KANCHENJUNGA THE HARD WAY

Sirs:

I gasped for breath when George C. Band told of the loss of oxygen cylinders in the Conquest of Kanchenjunga (SI, Oct. 3) and

thrilled with all hazardous ascents they made—but will you please tell this armchair mountain climber why they didn't use the obviously easier route to the left of Camp No. 1?

PAUL C. WRIGHT

Denver, Colo.

● Mr. Wright's route leads to the West Summit and from there across the West Col to the highest peak. However, the route to the West Summit was barred by ice cliffs from Camp No. 1 and the West Col itself, extremely broken and difficult, was surveyed through binoculars by the climbers and found to be virtually impassable.—ED.

## LET HIM READ SI

Sirs:

If you will permit me, I would like to take exception to a statement by Florida State University's Elgin White in Jemall's HOTBOX (SI, Oct. 10). Speaking of the sport he most enjoys promoting, Mr. White said among other things that Florida State University won the national title in gymnastics during the past year. If Mr. White would read SI faithfully, he would note in SCOREBOARD (SI, Apr. 4) that the University of Illinois Gymnastics team won the team title at the NCAA meet at Los Angeles. It may be that individual championships were won by FSU team members, but credit for team title should go to Illinois.

My enthusiastic congratulations go to SI for the fine job it is doing. Enclosed is \$1 in accordance with Mr. Romney's idea for Happy Knoll membership.

ROBERT ASHBY

Danville, Ill.

● Careful Reader Ashby is right.—ED.

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Sirs:

It was with great interest that I read Jack Fleck's letter on children playing golf (19TH HOLE, Oct. 10). However it is sometimes impossible for our children to let off energy on a golf course.

Here in the city of Philadelphia we have 5 municipal golf courses, and, much to my sorrow, the following regulation appears on the back of the score card: "Children under 16 not permitted on the course." Children not only cannot play but they are not even allowed on the course as spectators of adult games.

The following suggestion would be in order at this time. Why not permit children on the courses at certain times on specified days? Thus they could learn the game and the adult golfer could either stay away at these times or take his chances with the juvenile duffers.

EARLE W. WEISS

Philadelphia

## KELP, ANYWHERE?

Sirs:

Where, oh where, does Rex Ellsworth procure the Norwegian kelp he mixes in his rations for Swags?

We have inquired of numerous feed brokers for several raw horse men in our area who believe they want to feed kelp, too, ever since your articles on the California combination of Swags-Ellsworth-Taney (SI, July 18). To date our inquiries have been answered with: "Norway, I guess."







Richard Mott

**MARY HUBBELL**

Smiling Mary Hubbell, a 14-year-old sophomore at San Gabriel High School in Alhambra, Calif., clutches her well-deserved trophy after winning the Class M (midjet) hydroplane championship in the National Outboard Association meet at Mt. Carmel, Ill. A conscientious student who hopes to major in child psychology at Stanford, Mary flew east to the meet on a Friday. On Monday, trophy in hand, she flew home, and when the bell rang Tuesday morning

she was back at her classroom desk. Mary took up hydroplaning at the age of nine. Her father, Randolph Hubbell, now a manufacturer and designer of racing engines, was an outboarder. But Mary's enthusiasm for motorboating caused her mother no little alarm. Mrs. Hubbell insisted her daughter learn to swim. With the zest of a born champion, Mary did learn—in two weeks. And it wasn't long before Mary was a medal-winning swimmer in local meets.



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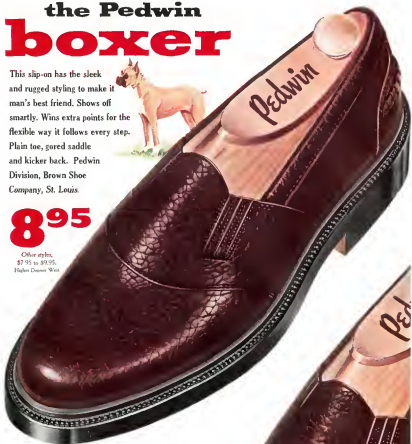
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